



Cup 405. v. 5.







*A. Gavin Sculp.*

*Published according to. Act of Parliament.*

# DEMOCRITUS :

OR, THE  
Laughing Philosopher.

A  
COLLECTION

OF

Merry STORIES, JESTS, EPIGRAMS, RID-  
DLES, REPARTEES, EPITAPHS, &c.

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Taken from a Manuscript, found at HERCULANEUM,  
an ancient ROMAN City.

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*Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done,  
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun !*

D. OF BUCKINGHAM.

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L O N D O N :

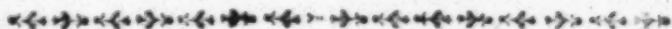
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A. MILLAR,





T H E

# P R E F A C E.



**A**LL my numerous friends, the book-makers, have, in former times, heard me vehemently declaim against that wicked custom of writing prefaces. They will now be astonished, that I sit down to a work, upon which I endeavoured to persuade them never to employ their time and attention.

BUT I here beg that they would consider, that I am prefacing for my departed friend, of whom I shall speak by-and-by, and not for myself. They must allow me, upon this occasion, to use the words of a great man, concerning the pomp and rites of a funeral who observed, *That it is a very honourable thing for a man to give himself a great deal of trouble with relation to the interment of another, at the same time to be little concerned about his own.*

And in truth, if it be an inglorious thing, for a man to seek glory, even when he deserves it, who doth not see, amongst the immense number of prefaces with which writers have swelled their books, if you except a few of them, in which judgment and discretion are displayed throughout, and which are either necessary, or useful, that all the rest, how flowery and magnificent soever they may be, are rather blame than praise-worthy? For after all, if in the first place you entertain your reader with the excellence of what you have given him, with the difficulties which you have found in your labours, with the powers which you must have possessed to surmount them; to beseech and flatter him in some places, to brave and defy him in others; sometimes to talk to him submissively, and at other times authoritatively; do you not intend, by so doing, either to wrest from him his approbation by force, or as a *Spaniard* said, pleasantly enough, *To beg it with tears in your eyes*; and also to discover to the publick, a weakness so much the greater, as, so far from ridding yourself of it, you have not been able to dissemble it? If our works are good, we may depend upon the honour of all ages, which have ever been reasonable in their decisions. The world sooner or later will do us justice, without our having the shame of soliciting it. If our works are bad, or perhaps imperfect,



imperfect, we should rather suppress than defend them, correct our faults than excuse them. Let us not expect that our eloquence will be as successful as was that of the famous *Grecian general Pericles*, who, when he was thrown upon the ground, into the dirt, persuaded his assistants, that he had not fallen, and compelled them to believe his words sooner than their own eyes. Besides, if it is a difficult thing for a man to know himself, how much more so is it, for him to speak of himself as he ought to do? In which particular, although we think as we ought, we ought not always to say what we think, where open and declared vanity is insupportable, and excessive humility always suspected to be vanity concealed; where the road which we must take between these two, is so strait, and so hard to keep, that I do not know by what reason, or to speak better, by what mistake, so many people embark, without necessity, upon a sea so full of rocks, and famous for so many shipwrecks.

BUT we have nothing to fear, of this kind, when we toil for a deceased friend. It becomes us well to demand with warmth, glory and praises, which do not look to ourselves; to excuse faults which we ourselves have not committed; to speak for him, who can no longer defend himself. Passion and strength have here a good grace; and though we should go a little



beyond the truth, and of a great man make a very great man, those even who shall condemn our judgment, will esteem our affection, and wish to have, themselves, friends like us.

To leave this general discourse ; I shall now speak of my late friend, Mr. *Price* of *Cardigan-shire*, the writer of this book, no more than I think he deserves. He was a gentleman most friendly, humane, and generous ; a most entertaining, facetious companion, of excellent good sense, and well acquainted with the learned and modern languages, which the history of his travels, when it comes to be published, will evidently testify.\*

I KNEW him well at *Naples*. About a week before he left this city, he was led by curiosity to venture himself among the ruins of *Herculaneum*, where the manuscript of the following book was either dropt by him out of his pocket, or stolen from him. It was brought to me by one of the *Miners* in that *subterranean city*, after Mr. *Price* was gone to *Rome*. About a month after his arrival there he died of a fever. To prevent the loss of so valuable a treasure to the public, I have now printed it, as soon as I could after my arrival in *England*.

LEST I should be thought somewhat wanting to the honour of my friend, and the advantage of this book, I must now recommend it to my readers. I have not the least doubt but they

they will take my word for it, when I tell them, that there is not one better written extant, upon the subject, since the days of Noah. It is full, from the beginning to the end, of wise sayings, diverting stories, humorous and lively jests. But as it may come to pass, that some unbeliever, whom I should count to be no better than a *Jew*, may dispute my veracity in this point; if there should be, I say, such an one, I beg that he would consult a book lately published by the profound *George Frederick Meier, professor of philosophy at Halle, member of the Royal academy at Berlin, upon jesting, sect. 9.* He will find, by attending to the principles there delivered, that all the jests in our book are true sterling gold; That they are, in his words, *loc. cit. Branches of sensitive knowledge, or sensitive discourses produced by the inferior cognoscitive faculties of the soul, and in particular the sensitive wit, and sensitive acumen or penetration.* And that they are thoroughly conformable to the rules, which he tells us have been happily discovered to the world, and which, like many other good things, have been highly prized by the learned, and the adepts in the *Æsthetic Science*, and have been abused, and despised by the vulgar.

As to the utility of this book, a jest in it, aptly applied from the mouth of discretion, will reconcile the enemy, delight the compani-

on, dispel corroding anxiety, sooner, and more powerfully, than cardiacal pill, bolus, or potion. In short, a quantum sufficit, secundum artem, of our *pleasant words will be as an honey comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones*. Thereby, you may rest assured, that old age alone, accidents excepted, will put a period to your sublunary existence. This I prove by giving you one example, out of many, namely, that of *Democritus*, whose name, not improperly, stands at the head of the title-page. He was the greatest philosopher of his time, born in *Abdera*, a city of *Thrace*, about 2,200 years ago. From him the celebrated *Epicurus*, and consequently *Lucretius*, derived all their knowledge. He incessantly laughed at, and jested upon the business, vanities, follies, and miseries of men; in so much that his fellow citizens said, he was frantick, and sent the famous physician *Hippocrates* to cure him; who after he had talked a while with him, returned and pronounced those to be mad-men who had accused him of folly. *Vid. Hippocrat. Epistolas*. When he was near death, he kept himself alive, three days, only by the smell of hot bread, and then expired, very easily, without a convulsion, or groan, aged one hundred and nine years. *Vid. Diog. Laert.*

*Cicero* was also a man of infinite humour. *Cato* said of him, *habemus facetum consulem, we have a jesting consul*. He was every day straining

ing at jests ; many of them are extant, mere puns and quibbles, worse than the worst of ours. Being of so merry a disposition, he would have lived a hundred years, and upwards, even as long as his wife *Terentia* did, if *Antony* had not shortened his days by cutting off his head, when he was only sixty three years of age.

THE philosopher *Heraclitus*, surnamed the *Dark*, born at *Ephesus*, about forty years before *Democritus*, was the contrast of these. He daily bewailed the vices and miseries of the world. Whenever he came into the company of men, he wept. At last he entirely shunned them, and betook himself to the mountains, where he lived upon grass and herbs, which brought a dropsy upon him, by which he ended his miserable life, in the strength of his years. He was such a blockhead, as to write many books, consisting of inexplicable allegories.

EURIPIDES brought a treatise of his upon nature to *Socrates*, in order for him to read it. When *Euripides* afterwards asked him his opinion of it, *Socrates* told him that what he understood of it was good, and he supposed the remainder was so ; but that none but a diver of the island of *Delos* could penetrate to the bottom of it.

I SHALL now say no more than this ; If you would be eminently distinguished from the beasts that perish, by that singular characteristic mark of humanity, risibility, I exhort you to

**X P R E F A C E.**

buy, read, remember, and retail the contents of this inestimable book, which you have in your hands.—Here, gentle reader, as it becomes me, I take a civil leave of you for the present.



**DEMO.**



# DEMOCRITUS:

OR, THE

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

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LAUGH, JOKE, AND BE MERRY WHENEVER YOU  
CAN:  
FOR NO ONE DELIGHTS IN A SORROWFUL MAN.

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**A** Fortune-hunter at Bath telling Mr. Derrick that he had got an excellent Phæton on the new plan, "I am rather of opinion (says he), "that you got it on the *old plan*,—" "for I suppose you never intend to pay for "it."

One of those troublesome gentry called Meal-hunters, one day invited himself to dine with Mr Derrick: The dinner consisted of some fish and a fine piece of roast beef; the gentleman



helped himself about half a dozen times, and approved highly of Mr. Derrick's taste in preferring the roast beef of Old England to those flimsy kick-shaws so much in fashion, adding, "Here's cut and come again." "Sir (says Derrick) you may cut,——but damme if ever you come again."

A FEW days ago a Sailor begging with a pass through a certain county westward, was directed to the Mayor of a certain town: his Worship, who could not read, took the pass in his hand, at the same time crying, with a stern countenance, "Ay, ay, I see it is *fictitious* (meaning *fictitious*)—" Sir, your Worship has "got the paper upside down."—"Away with that fellow to the cage; surely his Majesty's Justice of Peace may read which way he pleases, or the Devil's in't!"

WHEN Aristophanes first heard of the late Sir F. B. Delaval's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect upon him, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for the whole day. Next day at noon coming down to his dinner, he asked his treasurer, with swollen eyes, when they intended burying him? "Not till next week," replied the other, "as the surgeons are first to examine his breast and *head*." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, and repeating it with some surprise, asked,  
 "And



“ And what the Devil will they get there ?  
 “ I’m sure, says he, I’ve known poor Frank  
 “ these five and twenty years, and I never  
 “ could find *any thing* in it.”

THE death of the late Mr. Holland of Drury-lane (who was the son of a baker at Chiswick) had likewise a very great effect on Aristophanes’s spirits when first he heard of it. Being appointed by the will of the deceased as one of his bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town he called at the Bedford coffee-house, when an acquaintance coming up to him, asked him, if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland ? “ Yes, poor boy,” replies F——te, (almost sniveling at the same time) “ I’ve jult been  
 “ seeing him *shoved* into the *family oven*.”

DR. FLAMSTEAD was many years astronomer-royal at Greenwich Obervatory ; a humourist, and of warm passions. Persons of his profession are often supposed, by the common people, to be capable of foretelling events. In this persuasion a poor washer-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed at night of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her. The Doctor happening to be  
 in

in the humour to joke, he bid her stay, and he would see what he could do ; perhaps he might let her know where she might find them, but who the persons were he would not undertake ; as she could have no positive proof to convict them it would be useless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c. to amuse her ; and, after some time, told her, if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch, she would find them all bundled up in a sheet. The woman went, and finding them, came with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half a crown as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, surprised himself, told her, good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your linen, but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events not in the human power to tell ; but I see the Devil has a mind I should deal with him ; I am determined I will not ; so never come, or send any one to me any more, on such occasions, for I will never attempt such an affair again while I live. This story Dr. Flammstead told the late Rev. and learned Mr. Whiston, his intimate friend.

A MENDICANT Friar, coming into the shop of a Barber in Germany, who was a Calvinist, asked

asked to be shaved *for the Love of God*. Being made to wait for some time, he was told that he might sit down. He is lathered with cold water, and, without paying him the compliment of either soap or napkin, his face is scraped over with a rusty razor. Whilst thus he underwent little short of the pains of Purgatory, without daring to complain, a cat, that was pursued behind the shop, made a horrible racket. The Barber, already in an ill humour to be concerned in such jobs as he had in hand, and impatient of hearing so great a noise: What the devil, says he, is doing to that cat, to make it squall so much? "Without doubt, replied the Friar, some poor cat is shaving *for the Love of God*." This pleasantry smoothed the wrinkles of the Barber's forehead, made him more humane, and ask pardon for his ill treatment.

AN acquaintance of Mr. Pope's having lost a daughter, named Lætitia, was very desirous for Mr. Pope to oblige him with an Epitaph, which Mr. Pope declined, but, upon repeated importunities, spoke these lines extempore:

" Goodman Death,  
 " To please his palate,  
 " Has cropt your Lettice  
 " For a sallet."

DR. RADCLIFFE being called in by a  
 person

person of great credit in the city, whom he found apparently robust, yet sinking under an uncommon depression of spirits: The Doctor conceived what the patient meant to conceal; and after a friendly chit-chat, stepped down stairs, and left the following Nostrium;

“ To Mess. \*\*\*\*\* and Co.

“ Pay the bearer 1000 pounds;

“ And place to the account of

“ J. Radcliffe.”

THIS prescription was ordered to be immediately applied, and the patient was directed to attend the Doctor at a tavern, where his case should be further considered. This medicine proved so efficacious, that the sick man instantly left his bed, and in a few hours returned home perfectly recovered.

THE father of one of the present lords of the bed-chamber, a little time before his death, stopt at the corner of a street in the city to have his shoes blacked one day; but not having any thing in his pocket to pay the shoe-boy, he told him, if he would step into a stationer's shop, and beg a sheet of paper, he would make him amends for his trouble, by giving him a couple of franks, which the poor peer did.

A CERTAIN nobleman, having built a chapel, had a mind the stair-case leading to it should be ornamented with some scripture-history

history—which he at last determined should be the children of Israel passing through the Red-Sea, and the Egyptians pursuing them.—A painter was employed upon this occasion—and fell to work immediately; and after he had daubed the wall from top to bottom with red paint, he called to his lordship, and told him the work was done.—Done! quoth the peer—What's done? Where are the Children of Israel? My lord, they are gone over, replied the painter.—But, zounds, where are the Egyptians then? They are drowned, rejoined Brush.

MANY years ago, when the Rev. Dr. Sacheverel manifested a great deal of learning, candour, and good sense, in defence of the church, he was seconded in his orthodox labours by an eloquent cobbler, of Nottingham. This last gentleman had one evening, amongst publicans and sinners, exerted for many hours his utmost abilities in her defence. The ale was ended before the arguments, and at last he set out to go home. In his way through the church-yard he stopped a moment for a necessary purpose very near the Chancel, where falling on his face against a buttress, he eagerly embraced it in his arms, and exclaimed, “D--d-d-d-d-----n. you, y--y--you o--old b--b--b--bitch, I'll support you.”

KING Charles II. having asked his Taylor  
what



what he was used to say to the Priest when he went to Confession, *An't please your Majesty, I tell him I am a Taylor.*

A FARMER at Belford, in Northumberland, settling accounts with his servant, the farmer charged the servant thus, " To losing an *empty* " poke with a cheese in it, 6s. 4d."

DR. KING, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine Leg of Mutton boiled, and Caper sauce; but the Doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above-mentioned pickles reserved dry for his use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him:—I here present you, my Lords and Gentlemen, said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, viz. That you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, *cut Capers upon a Trencher.*

WHILE Dr. Garth was detained in his chariot one day in a little street near Covent Garden, by an embarras, arising from a bloody battle between two female bruisers, an old woman hobbled up out of a cellar, and begged him for God's sake to *take a look* at her poor husband, who was in a *mortal bad way*; adding,

" I

“ I know you are a sweet tempered Gentleman, as well as a *cute* Doctor, and therefore make *bould* to *ax* your advice, for which I shall be *obligated* to you as long as I live.”

THE Doctor, whose good-nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, instead of being offended at the old woman's redundant address to him, quitted his chariot immediately, and followed her to her husband; but finding by his appearance that he wanted *food* more than *physic*, and having reason to believe, from the answers which they both returned to his questions, that they deserved his charity as much as they had excited his compassion, sat down and wrote a draft on his banker for ten pounds.

A JUDGE in Germany aggravating the fault of a murderer that was before him, told him that he deserved no favour, for he had killed six men. “ No, my Lord, (said an Advocate that stood by) he killed but one, “ and you are guilty of the blood of the other “ five, because you let him escape upon the “ murder of the first.”

A COUNTRY man in East Lothian used this grace before and after meat.

Lord be blessed for a' his gifts,  
Defy the Devil and a' his shifts;  
God send me mair filler. Amen.

PHILIP



PHILIP of Macedon, going out upon an expedition, was stopped by an old woman, who demanded him to re-hear a cause in which she had been injured — Go, Woman, said he, I am not at leisure. If you are not at leisure to do justice, replied she, why do not you lay aside being King? Philip stopped, examined the affair, and redressed her injuries.

A SPANISH Merchant, on the coast of Africa, having been plundered by one of the late Muly Moloch's Alcaydes, threatened to demand justice, but was obliged to take refuge among the woods. Some months after Muly passed that way with his Court; the Merchant went directly to the road, seizes the bridle of Muly's horse, and demanded justice of the Alcayde, who had wronged him. Muly, astonished at his boldness, asked him if he knew who he was? I know, said the Spaniard, that thou art Emperor of Morocco; and I know, therefore, it becometh thee to do me right. Muly called for the Alcayde, and finding him guilty, condemned him to be instantly beheaded, ordering the Merchant to receive treble recompence out of his effects; and as he was withdrawing, the Prince reproached his Courtiers, by saying, BEHOLD A MAN!

THE reverend M. H. a gentleman of singular humour, brother to a no less singular Law peer, retired to ease and independence, as the rector of——in the county of Kent.

Being

Being a Justice of the Peace, he was frequently teased with some idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broke in upon by such frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redress of some imaginary injury, his custom was, to dismiss them, with saying, "he would send for them when at leisure to attend their business." The first rainy day that next happened, he took care to send for the parties, and received them sitting in the porch of his door, which just provided shelter for himself and his clerk, where the complainants were obliged to stand exposed to the inclement sky all the while uncovered, to pay proper respect to the King's Justice of the Peace. By this means he entirely cured the country folks in his neighbourhood of a litigious disposition.

His blunt manner of enforcing wholesome truths, as a clergyman, was as remarkable as his peculiarity in the commission of the peace. One Sunday he was preaching on moral duties from these words, "Render therefore unto all their due." In explaining his text he observed, "that there were duties which a man owes to himself as well as to others; and, adds he, when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of that man." For this reason, he proceeds, turning himself to a particular part of the church, "I have never had

“ a good opinion of you, John Trott, since  
“ you sold me those sheep six months ago, and  
“ have never called for the money.”

ONE night when the weather was intensely cold, he happened to pass within hearing of his kitchen, when John the footman was stretching himself before the fire, wishing for somebody to carry him to bed. The Doctor on entering his parlour rung the bell. The footman appearing, “ John,” says his master, “ where is the grey mare ?” “ At the farm, Sir,” replies the man. “ Well, John ! fetch me the mare from the farm.” This commission did not well agree with John’s inactivity at that time : but as he knew his master’s command to be peremptory, it was needless to remonstrate. The mare was fetched, though at the distance of two miles, and John was very ready to acquaint his master with his return. “ Well, then,” says the Doctor, “ Let the mare carry you up to bed, “ John, for I have no occasion for her or you to-night.”

As the king of Prussia was lately riding easily from Potzdam to Berlin, attended by one gentleman and a hussar, he perceived on a post, which was placed in the road, a paper written in large characters ; he ordered the hussar to bring it to him, when he perceived it was a libel against himself and government, wherein

wherein he was accused, in most indecent terms, of every crime human nature could be guilty of. The king shewed it to the gentleman, and asked him what he thought of it?

“ Why, Sire, said he, you should find out the  
 “ author, and let him suffer the utmost rigour  
 “ of the law.” “ Pho, pho !” says the king,  
 “ here, hussar, put it in its place again ; it  
 “ will save the poor author the trouble of  
 “ writing another ; was I to destroy this, he  
 “ would have nothing to do but to write for  
 “ a fortnight.”

A GOOD honest minister, a North-kintry man, when he met with his Clerk going to church on the Sabbath morning, used frequently to address him in the following manner, Guid day to you Mefs James, how’s a’ the day ? E’en gaily, Sir, how’s a’ wi your sell ? Braly, Mefs James. But, O man ! can ye lend me some shillings ? a crown would do very well. O ay, Sir, there’s five shillings for you. The good honest Parson often borrowed four or five shillings, just going in, and always paid them back whenever he came out of the church. This conduct somewhat surpriz’d *the Letter gae of haly rhime*: And one day he us’d the freedom to tell Mefs James, ’deed Sir, I dinna understand ye ! you very often borrow four or five shillings from me when you’re gaun to the kirk, and ye ay pay me when you come out  
 o’r,

o't, before you've us'd the filier ! O man, replies Mefs James, *Dinna ye ken nae body can speak guid sense that has na filler in his pouch ?*"

A PARSON, having mounted the pulpit to preach from these words of the Scripture : ' He 'that sows sparingly shall reap sparingly,' divided, after a very tedious preamble, his sermon into thirty two points. He was just entering upon the first point, when, one of his auditory starting up, and making a bustling motion for going out, the preacher severely reprimanded him for his remissness in God's service, and inattention to his word ; asking him where he was going, and about what, in such pressing haste ? I am going, said the other, to fetch my night-cap, for I well foresee we shall lie here this night. In fact, the preacher, having lost the thread of his divisions and subdivisions by this interruption, could never find the end of his discourse. The auditors, at length, losing all patience, and seeing night coming on apace, filed out one after the other. The Preacher, who had been now chafed with the vehemency of his own utterance, and being withal near-sighted, did not perceive this desertion, and might have continued to cant eternally, had not his son, a little boy, the only one of the congregation that still remained, cried out : ' Father, I am very hungry and



and very sleepy, here are the keys of the church you gave me; and, when you are done you will lock up the doors yourself.

A MAN one day bragging that he could repeat the Lord's Prayer without having a worldly thought during the repetition, his Master wagered a horse that he could not: upon which the man began, but, alas! in the middle of it cried out, remember I am also to have the saddle and bridle.

AN Hibernian female, who had laid by her barrow and fruit-stall on being left a little cash by a deceased relation, took a small house in a court in the Borough, and commenced midwife; she next found it necessary to have her name and profession written on a board to be placed over her door; and applying to one of her countrymen, he wrote in white paint, Winifred Maloney, man-midwife; this being laughed at by all that passed, Teague was advised to alter it; but he replied, by Jasus it was better let alone.

THE following story is told of a certain Peer, not unknown in Huntingdonshire: "Some years since having some company of the buck-kind order to dine with him, he sent an invitation to a Clergyman who dwelt in the neighbourhood; the Clergyman accepted it, and attended. When dinner was brought in, Aaron being the only person whose character was

B

sacred,

sacred, rose, and attempted to say grace. The Nobleman immediately stopt him, telling him he had a chaplain of his own, who always performed that ceremony, and ordered him in directly. Immediately a footman introduced a large monkey of the baboon species, dressed in canonicals, who staggering on his hinder legs to the upper end of the table, clapped his fore-paws upon the cloth, and with much grimace muttered over some jargon, and then returned. Aaron was somewhat disconcerted at this manifest infringement on his rights ; but instantly recollected himself, and making a low bow to his Lordship, addressed him in these words : “ I beg pardon, my Lord, for having presumed to interfere in your chaplain’s place and duty ; but you must impute it to my ignorance, for I really did not know that your Lordship had a *son in orders*.

CHARLES V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration ; therefore often went out incog. and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler : unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin’s holiday ; and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height



height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity. "What, friend, says the fellow, do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? was it Charles V. himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now—but if you'll come in and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome, we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer: but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him: "What, I suppose you are some courtier, politician or other, by that contemplative phiz; nay, by your long nose you may be a bastard of the emperor's; but be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome—drink about—here's Charles the fifth's health." Then you love Charles the fifth, replied the emperor? "Love him! (says the son of Crispin) ay, ay, I love his long nose-ship well enough; but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less—but what the devil have we to do with politics, round with the glass, and merry be our heart." After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That (cried he) you are welcome to, but I would not to-day have dishonoured St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor." Charles, pleased with the humour of the fellow,

sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise to see and hear his late guest was his sovereign : he feared his joke on his long nose must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition. Next day he appeared, and requested, that for the future the coblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. That request was granted, and as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bid him make another. " If (says he) I am to have my utmost wishes, command, that for the future the company of coblers shall take place of the company of shoe-makers." It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it, and in all processions the company of coblers take place of the company of shoe-makers.

IN a visit queen Elizabeth made to the famous lord chancellor Bacon, at a small country seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment, she asked him, How it came that he made himself so little a house ? *It is not I, madam, answered he, who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty, who have made me too big for my house.*

MR.

MR. Jerry White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addressee to Oliver's youngest daughter, the lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat: he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look out, promising, if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber; and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell in a fury asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, May it please your highness! I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me. The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, What's the meaning of this,

huffy? why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such. My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsy, replied, If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him. Say'st thou so, my lass, cried Cromwell? Call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room. Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother-parson came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

Mr. Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whose great fault was, that he would rather lose his friend than his jest, having made some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins, his patron, and benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily, replied, *'Tis needless to give a copy, doctor, for you have the original.*

L————D Ch————ld chanced one day to be at the prime minister's levee when Garnet upon Job, a book dedicated to the duke of N---e, happened

happened to lie in the window. Before his grace made his appearance, his lordship had time enough to amuse himself with the book, and when the duke enter'd, he found him reading in it : *Well, my lord*, said his Grace, *What is your opinion of that book ? In any other place I should not think much of it*, replied his lordship ; *but here in your Grace's levee, I think it one of the best books in the world.*

A HIGHWAYMAN presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in a chariot, demanded his money with the usual compliment ; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. *With all my heart*, says the highwayman ; and gave it to the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him. *That you may if you can*, replied the highwayman, *for I promise you it is not loaded* ; and rode off very coolly with his booty.

IN admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships had a leg shot off, whereupon one of his mess-mates took him down to the surgeon, and at the same time took his leg off the deck, and put it under



his arm; he was no sooner brought down, but another of his mess mates began, shaking his head, and telling him, he was very sorry he had lost his leg. That's a d—m'd lye, ye son of a b—h, replied he, for see here, I have got it under my arm.

A YOUNG woman, living with an old lady, could never do any thing for her, but she would find fault with it, to whom the girl used to cry, O dear, Madam, you are so *curious penurious*, there is no such thing as pleasing ye.—— The woman was determined to know the meaning of *curious penurious*; and going to St. Paul's school, told one of the boys she would give him six-pence to tell it her.—— Why, replied he, *curious penurious is Latin: and the English is, you hatchet face old bitch, will ye eat any grains.*—— The old woman went home red hot with her knowledge, and immediately fell upon the girl.—— I'll *curious penurious* ye for an impudent whore.—— *Ye hatchet face old bitch, will you eat any grains!*—— What, did ye think I should never learn Latin, with a pox to ye, for a brazen-face bitch!

A FAMOUS wit of France coming to pay his court to Lewis XIV. one at Versailles meeting him, rare news for you, says he, the king has made you governor over his hogs and monkies. Then, said the wit, pray, sir, prepare



pare yourself to obey my commands, for you are one of my subjects.

A WARM dispute arose between some parish officers at a meeting where Mr. Nash was present, about repairing the workhouse; when a man, who was born in it, but had acquired a good fortune in the world, and had forgot himself, strenuously opposed the laying out any money on that account, saying, it was habitable, and that was sufficient. *Don't be positive, my friend,* says Nash, *the building is strangely run to ruin since your mother lay in there.*

A CAPTAIN of a man of war had got a circle round him in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phænomenon which he had seen at sea; when looking round, and perceiving Nash laugh, he grew angry, and said he did not believe him. *Why, sir,* says Nash, *did you see it?* Yes, I did, answered the gentleman. *Well, if you saw it,* says Nash, *I will believe it; but I would not if I had seen it myself.*

THIS gentleman, however, soon after returned the compliment; for Nash was one of those who shot with a long bow, or, in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his sallies of wit and humour; and having told a most confounded large story, the captain gave a *bem*: upon which Nash made up to him; *And so, captain,* says he, *you won't believe this?*

*—Why, yes, says the captain, I will, Nash, to oblige you ; but I would not believe such another damn'd lie for any man upon the face of the earth.*

A NOBLEMAN, remarkable for his good-nature, and affability, ordering his servant pretty late at night to go with a message a considerable distance from the place where he was then in company; the fellow did not receive his master's commands with that cheerfulness he ought. The nobleman, after the man had left the room, asked Mr. Nash, whether he did not think his footman seemed somewhat sulky at receiving his orders, and what could be the meaning of it? *My lord,* says Nash, *you are a good master to your servants, and as no body can do too much for a good master, your man, I suppose, is determined he never will.*

ANOTHER time, Mr. Nash, soliciting subscriptions among the gentlemen at Morgan's coffee-house at Bath, met with very good success from all but one gentleman, who absolutely refused to give any thing. However, just as the gentleman was going out of the coffee-room, Mr. Nash called out to him in a loud voice, *I wish you safe home, sir ; but remember, if you should chance to lose any thing by the way, you did not draw your purse-strings here ;* which occasioning a laugh, put the gentleman

gentleman to the blush : however, he turned back with a jocular air, and damning Nash for the boldest beggar he ever met with in his life, gave him five guineas.

OLD Dyer, who was remarkable for his facetiousness and drollery, happened one day to be alone at the Flask at Hamstead, in venison-time, when the Cordwainer's company kept their annual feast there. Dyer observed two glorious hanches roasting at the fire, and made it his business to learn who they were for. Being told, *for the cordwainer's company*, he determined to dine with them. He knew it was the custom upon those occasions for every member to bring his friend, and consequently that several, as well as himself, would be strangers to all but *one* in the company, and that questions are never asked, when once admittance is obtained and people are seated ; he therefore watched his opportunity when dinner went up, and seated himself among the rest as near as he could to one of the hanches, where he did not fail to play his part. He was very pleasant and chearful, and those that sat next him were highly diverted ; no exceptions were taken, and all pass'd off as he had imagined. After dinner, when the bottle and song began to move briskly round, he sung in his turn, and was much applauded. But when the time came that he thought of

departing, he shifted his seat, and placing himself next the door, he began a story. He had already drawn the attention of the company upon him by his uncommon humour; so, upon the word *Story* all were silent. Gentlemen, said he, I am always pleased when I have an opportunity of remarking the flourishing condition of trade; I remember a wonderful alteration for the better in this very company of yours within these forty years, and I think I can give you a remarkable instance of it. When I was a young fellow, continued Dyer gravely, I was but low in the world myself; and I observed that the nearest way to wealth was through the road of frugality; and therefore I pitched upon a chop-house in Grubstreet, where I could dine for two-pence. The mistress of the house was remarkably neat and civil, particularly to those who were her constant customers; and the room where we dined was, by means of a curtain, or more properly a blanket, hung upon a rod, partitioned off into two divisions, the inner, and the outer; the inner division the good woman kept for the better sort of folks, of whom I had the honour to be accounted one, and the outer was for the casual and ordinary sort. It happened one day, however, as I was drawing the blanket to go in as usual, the mistress of the house pulled me hastily by the coat and  
whisper'd

whisper'd in my ear, *You must not go in there to-day, sir*—*Why so*, said I in some heat? *I beg your pardon, sir*, said the woman, *but indeed you can't be admitted.*—*What the devil's the matter that I can't be admitted*, said I swaggering? *Why*, said the woman with joy in her countenance, *the master and wardens of the Cordwainers-company do me the honour to dine with me to-day, and I must keep my best parlour empty for their worships reception.* I thought it indeed but decent to give place to that worthy body, and so ~~was~~ pacify'd—The company upon hearing this story began to lay their heads together, to know who this gentleman was; which Dyer observing, took that opportunity to slip away.

THE prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contain'd, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. *Sir*, said he, *the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended me: but these I bring back to you as having no claim to them.* *You have, soldier*, answered the prince, *doubly deserved them by your bravery, and by your honesty; therefore they are yours.*

KING



KING Edward IV. is said to have been one of the handsomest men of his age, tall, fair-complexioned, and of a most majestic presence. In the 14th year of his reign a free benevolence being granted to maintain a war against France, he pleasantly demanded of a rich widow, what she would give him towards bearing his expences in that war. *By my troth,* quoth she, *king, thou'rt e'en a bonfom man, and for thy lovely face thou sha't ha twenty ponds.* That sum being great in those days, and more by half than the king expected, he gave the widow thanks, and kindly saluted her; which had so joyous an effect upon the good old lady, that she reply'd, *Neay now, king, by th' mefs thou sha't ha twenty ponds more;* and ordered it to be paid accordingly.

THE reverend Mr. Carter, late incumbent of Bramford in Suffolk, a man of great learning and as great modesty, happening to dine among others of the clergy at an alderman's house in Ipswich, one of the company being full of himself, engross'd the whole conversation, and at length challenged any man present to start a question in theology or natural philosophy that he could not give a full and satisfactory answer to. The vanity of the man struck every body dumb, which increased his volubility the more; when Mr. Carter thought fit to check his career by a simple proposition:



position : *Here, says he, is a fish that has always lived in salt water, pray tell me why it should come out a fresh fish, not a salt one ?* Being unable to make any reply, he said not a word more, but left the company to pursue more agreeable conversation.

THE earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with Mr. Butler, author of *Hudibras*, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend ; this being done, Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy ; at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant, agreeable companion ; but before the third bottle was finished, sunk again into such stupidity and dulness that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of a book that abounded with so much wit, learning and pleasantry. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd ask'd his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, *He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.*

THE vicar of Bray in Berkshire, being a papist under the reign of Henry VIII. and a protestant under Edward VI. a papist again under queen Mary, and a protestant in the reign of Elizabeth, was reproached as the scandal  
of

of his gown, by turning from one religion to another; *I cannot help that*, said the vicar, *but if I changed my religion, I am sure I've kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the vicar of Bray.*

THERE is a story of Sir William Kingston, who was provost-marshal to Edward VI. that after a rebellion that happened in that reign upon the alteration of religion, he invited himself to dine with the mayor of Bodwin in Cornwall, who, thinking himself honoured, provided a handsome entertainment for him, suitable to his dignity. While dinner was getting ready, the provost took Mr. Bowyer aside, (for that was the mayor's name) and whispered in his ear that there must be an execution that afternoon, and therefore ordered him to cause a gallows to be set up over-against his own door. The mayor obeyed his command, and after dinner the provost took the mayor by the hand, and desired him to lead him to the place of execution, which when he beheld, he ask'd the mayor, if he thought it was strong enough. *Yes*, says the mayor, *doubtless it is.* Well, then, said Sir William, get up and try, for it is provided for you. I hope, sir, said the mayor, you are not in earnest. By my troth, says the provost, there is no remedy, for you have been a busy rebel. And so, without  
any

any form of trial, caused the mayor to be executed.

ANOTHER story is told of a miller, who having been very active in the same rebellion, and fearing the diabolical spirit of Kingston, who shewed no mercy wherever he came, went from home, and told a young, a stout fellow, his servant, that if any gentlemen should come and enquire for him, to tell them that he was the miller. The provost came as the miller had foreseen, and the servant said as he was ordered; upon which the provost commanded his Myrmidons to seize him, and hang him on the next tree. The poor fellow hearing this, cried out, *I am not the miller but the miller's man.* Nay, friend, said Sir William, I will take thee at thy first word; if thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and a rebel, and deservest to be hang'd: if thou art not the miller, thou art a false, lying knave, and can'st not do thy master better service than to be hang'd for him. And so caused the fellow to be executed.

CAPTAIN Porter, a gay officer in Frazer's regiment, fell in love with a sprightly young lady at Henley upon Thames, and married her. Being in lodgings some time after at a village in that neighbourhood, they hired a very pretty maid; and as they were all young and had but little to do, they were wont to  
divert

divert the time in romping, without any exception taken, till one day the mistress bolting open the chamber-door a little too abruptly, discovered Betty and her master more familiar together than she had reason to desire they should continue; but bridling her passion, she pull'd to the door, and instantly withdrew. The girl, as soon as she could recover herself from her dishabille, hastened after her mistress, and in a violent agitation, madam, said she, I desire you would take warning, for I would not live with my master for a king's ransom! there never was so rude a man born; he's always pulling one about, or swearing at one. Well, well, Bett, said the mistress, who could not help smiling, moderate your passion, and never mind him; if he pulls you about, you pull him again; and if you pull him a-days, I'll pull him a-nights, and I warrant you we'll tame him between us.

AN Irishman meeting one of his countrymen, arrah, says Paddy, and who do you think I see yesterday at night, o't'other side the way? by my conshawnes, quoth Murdoch, an I can't tell, for the life of me. Why, you fool, quoth Paddy, an I tell you, can you guess now? yes, yes, quoth the other, an I believe I can. Why then, says Patrick, 'twas little Phelen o'Bloch. Arrah faith, says Murdoch, and now I know it; and what was he after saying now? *O*

*chree*

*chree joy, quoth Paddy, een nothing at all, at all; for when I crossed the way, 'twan't him neither.*

Two Irishmen fighting together, one of them knocked the other down, and seeing him lie motionless, thought he had kill'd him; but taking him by the hand, cries, O, my dear Paddy, now be after speaking to me, and if I have killed you, tell me, honey. To which the other answered, no, my dear Mac, I arn't dead at all at all; *but by my sboul I am speechless.*

A WELCHMAN hearing a malefactor that was try'd just before him, say, concerning a mare he had stolen, *That he brought it up from a colt;* when one came to be examined on a sword he had sharked, said, *that by St. David, 'twas his own, for he bred it up from a dagger.*

A COUNTRY fellow being admitted to a gentleman's table, fell upon the artichoaks; but not knowing what should be eaten, and what not, took a mouthful of the hurrs, which almost choaked him: when one who sat next him said, 'friend, that dish is reserved for the last.' Truly, answered he, (as well as he could) I am of your mind, for I think it will be *my last.*

QUEEN Elizabeth being to pay the city of Coventry a visit, she gave notice some time before she went; in the interim the mayor and corporation



corporation propos'd something to be made on the occasion: but the chief consultation was, whether it would be best in prose, or rhyme: however, by a great majority, rhyme was thought best; but who was to be poet was still undetermined. First, one was propos'd, then another; at last the mayor ~~fix'd~~ on Mr. Town Clerk—agreed—A fortnight was given for the performance; the time expir'd, comes Mr. Town Clerk with his poem, every body was impatient to hear it, which was, to this effect.  
—The mayor's name was Bell.

Be merry, John Bell, be merry,  
Thou mayor of Coventree:  
For her majesty's grace is come to this place  
For to see——ME.

WELL, it gave great satisfaction, all but the word ME, which they said look'd as if she came to see you only. Now you know, Mr. Town Clerk, she comes to see us all; that must be altered, and we will give you ten days to consider of it; away goes Mr. Town Clerk: and at his appointed time, brings it again, when the great alteration was highly approv'd.

Be merry, John Bell, be merry,  
Thou mayor of Coventree;  
For her majesty's grace is come to this place  
For to see——WE.



A MAN at a public house near Fleet-market, being remarkably abusive of Mr. Wilkes, was observed to swear a prodigious number of oaths; on which a gentleman marked them down till they mounted to 45; 'and now, my friend, says he, I will make you pay for abusing the great patriot.'

AN Irishman having had a great dispute with his sweetheart, in the heat of blood resolved to make away with himself, for which purpose, he went into his landlady's dining room, having bought a pair of pistols; and after loading them, walking towards the glass; the landlady who suspected his intention, ran up stairs, and came just time enough to see him discharge his pistol into the glass, upon which she cried out, oh! ho! I'm ruined, and undone for ever. *And so am I, says Paddy, for I have just now killed the handsomest man in the world.*

QUIN, when manager, had kept a poet's tragedy too long. The poet calling of ten and being angry, Quin sent him to the bureau and desired him to take it. After searching for it some time among several others, and not finding his own, *Well, said Quin, take two comedies and a farce for it.*

A GENTLEMAN ordered his servant to call him at six o'clock in the morning, but he waked him at four, and when his master asked him  
the

the reason of it, he answer'd, *that he came to tell him, that he had still two hours to sleep.*

A COUNTRY parson who had a great desire to disengage himself from a company of hungry gentlemen that came to his house, after he had told them, at first, that they were very welcome, and made a show of sending his servants, some of them to draw ale, and others to kill fowls, at the same time he took his surplice, and his prayer-book in his hand, and prepar'd himself to go abroad. Where are you a-going, Mr. Parson? said the gentlemen. He answer'd, I'll return in a minute, for I must go, whilst the dinner is making ready, to pray to a poor man, dying of the plague. And upon saying this, went out immediately. Upon which those spungers were so affrighted that they ran away immediately, full drive, and fled as if the *plague had been at their heels.*

TOM Clark, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him bishop Burnet's *history of the reformation*; the other told him he could not possibly spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read in it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he would.*

JEMMY

JEMMY L——, whose character needs no comment, being one night pretty late at cards, at the St. James's coffee-house, at length rose up and said, 'he had nothing now to do but throw himself into the arms of Morpheus.' A certain lord, who is more famous for his wit than good-nature, asked him, 'if Ganymede would not be equally agreeable to him?'

ONE Bambridge, a cobling watchmaker, meeting Tompion one day in Moorfields, stopped him, and taking him by the hand, said he was heartily glad to see him. Tompion expressed his surprize, saying, Bambridge had the advantage of him. '*Why, sir, said he, don't you know me?—You and I are the two most famous men of the trade.*' Indeed! said Tompion, *may I crave your name?* 'Bambridge, sir, —' *I never heard of it before, sir; are you in the repeating or the stop way?* rejoined Tompion. '*Neither, sir,*' resumed Bambridge: '*yet I tell you once more, we are the two most famous men of the trade—You for being the best, and I for being the worst watch-maker in the world.*'

SOME gentlemen t'other day boasting of their ancestors, an arch wag standing by, said he believed he was of a more ancient family than any of them, and could trace his pedigree in a lineal descent from king Lud. Ay! says one of them, how do you make that out? *Why, sir, said he, it was my misfortune to be put into*  
Ludgate

*Ludgate for a debt of fifty shillings, and made my escape down a rope.*

A CERTAIN little German baron, whom the world has been so ungenerous to as to suppose he lived entirely by gaming, was some time since at Scarborough, and playing at piquet whilst dinner was preparing, and the forks and knives laid at an adjacent table, his adversary being provoked at an unremitted series of ill-luck, and suspecting that two aces were concealed under one of his hands, most barbarously pinioned it to the table with a fork, saying, 'by G—d, baron, I have detected you now.' The sequel of this adventure was as fatal to the baron as the beginning, for not only the aces were by some unaccountable accident found under his hand, but the implacable foe in his wrath threw the unfortunate German nobleman out of a one pair of stairs window into the street. All the consolation the baron met with upon this occasion, was from that arch wag F--te, who happened to be passing at that time, and to whom the baron related his lamentable story. 'Have I not always, said F---te, dissuaded you, baron, from playing so high ?'

A GENTLEMAN, telling a lady that a certain apothecary was broke, and obliged to shut up shop, she enquired the cause ; to which the gentleman replied, he was so honest a man, that instead of loading patients with medicines, as is

too common a practice, he advised them to take the wholesome air, and of course lost the profits arising from the sale of his drugs. Poor man ! says she, *it is plain he could not live by the air, though his patients could.*

A LATE noble personage, sitting with one who had a particular faculty in making extemporary verses, laid him a wager of twenty guineas, that he could not make a pertinent answer to what he should say, in rhyme. The other accepted the bet, and the money was deposited ; when my lord cry'd out, as the first stuff that came into his thoughts,

I laid me down and farted ;

To which his antagonist as readily reply'd,

*A fool and his money is soon parted:*

and swept all the cash into his hat.

DR. M——d coming out of Tom's coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and desired he would lend him five guineas. *How !* said the doctor, *I am surprized you should apply to me for such a favour who don't know you !* *Oh ! dear sir,* replied the apothecary, *it is for that very reason I ask it, for those who know me won't lend me a farthing.*

AN honest French dragoon, in the service of Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words told him, he would let him escape that time ; but if ever he

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found



found him there again, he would throw his hat out at the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word; sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the place where he knew the king was to be; and throwing himself at his majesty's feet, implored pardon. The king asked what his offence was? He told him how he had been abused. Well, well, said the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation; I think you was much in the right to throw *his hat out of the window*. Yes, and may it please you, my liege, *but his head was in it*, said the dragoon. Was it? replied the king, well, my word is passed.

POPE, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a *manuscript* of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend: as they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage—Oh! says Pope sarcastically, by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it; upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, it only wanted a note of interrogation



terrogation to make the whole intelligible : which was really the case ; and pray master says Pope, (piqued perhaps at being out-done by a red-coat) what is a note of interrogation ? A note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions* : 'tis said however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

A GENTLEMAN ask'd a shepherd, whether that river was to be pass'd over or not ; yes, says he ; but going to try, flounc'd over head and ears. Why thou rogue says he, did not you tell me it might be pass'd over ? Truly, Sir, says he, I thought so ; *for my geese go over and back again every day.*

A JUDGE willing to save a man that stole a watch, it was valued but at twelve pence ; but he that lost it said, the fashion of it cost him five pounds. O says the judge, *we must not hang a man for fashion's sake.*

Mr. Derrick used to entertain his friends with the following story : a friend of his, a single gentleman, had an Irish footman as guilty of bull-making as any gentleman of that country. The above gentleman having bought four pair of silk stockings, gave them to this fellow (who was his wardrobe-keeper) to take care of, but in less than a week two pair out of the four were lost : Paddy, with a sorrowful countenance,

nance, informed his master of the accident, and begged he would not be angry, for that he would answer for getting them again, as he had advertised them. ‘And how much did you offer as a reward?’ says the gentleman. ‘Four shillings a pair, sir, says Paddy.’ Why thou incorrigible dog! (returns his master) can you be fool enough to suppose that eight shillings will recover two pair of *silk* stockings that did not cost me less than a guinea and a half?—O! by Jafus, sir, you are after mistaking if you suspect my cunning: I foresaw that as well as you,—and so, in the advertisement, I made them believe the stockings were *worsted*!

Mr. Derrick used to amuse the ladies with the following story.—A fruiterer’s wife and the lady of a cheese-monger meeting accidentally together at the house of an acquaintance, and happening to depart at the same time, on the lady fruiterer stepping first to the door,—‘Stop, madam, says the other, *cheese* always precedes *fruit*!’ and pushing her aside, went down stairs before her.

Mr. Derrick on a journey to Derbyshire, stopped at an inn, the landlord of which was lately dead. The disconsolate widow, on hearing who Mr. Derrick was, earnestly solicited him to write an epitaph on her deceased spouse, declaring, that out of the six husbands she had had, not one of them was without a tomb-stone  
and

and *verses*. Mr. Derrick, in compliance with her request, told her he would write an epitaph, and immediately went out among the neighbours to enquire the qualities of the deceased; and being informed that he was a man of prodigious bulk, and remarkable for nothing so much as stupidity and meanness, wrote the following.

Three feet beneath this tomb-stone lies

A BODY of *gigantic* size :——

From nature, nature's self had stole ;

So— gave him but a *pigmy* SOUL :

Tho' *men* despis'd him, *death*, still craving,

Thought this *big little* THING worth having ;

But whether gone to heav'n or hell,

No mortal cares—nor can I tell !

THE witty and extravagant duke of Buckingham in king Charles II.'s time, complaining to Sir John Cutler, a rich miser, of the disorder of his affairs, asked him what he should do to prevent the ruin of his estate? *live as I do, my lord*, said Sir John. *That I can do*, answered the duke, *when I am ruined*.

ANOTHER time, a person who had been a dependant on his grace, begged his interest for him at court; and to press the thing more home upon the duke, said, *He had no body to depend upon but God and his grace*. Then, said

the duke; *You are in a miserable way ; for you could not have pitch'd upon any two who have less interest at court.*

A LADY being asked how she liked a gentleman's singing, who had a very stinking breath : *the words are good*, said she, *but the air is intolerable.*

WHEN Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen, and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a speech, that he might observe how it would be heard; the fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told he, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. No matter, said the knight, speak any thing that comes uppermost. *Why here*, Sir Richard, says the fellow, *we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money ; pray, sir, when do you intend to pay us ?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't admire your subject.

MICHAEL Angelo, in his picture of the last judgment, in the pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell, that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that every body knew

knew it at first sight Whereupon the cardinal complaining to the pope of the affront, and desiring it might be defaced : *You know very well*, said the pope, *I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.*

Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire hostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow they would prove him to be a *horse* or an *ass*. Well, said the hostler, I can prove your saddle to be a *mule*. A *mule* cried one of them, how can that be ? *Because*, said the hostler, *it is something between a horse and an ass.*

A GENTLEMAN coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the hostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked him how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was ? *I se* Yorkshire, said the fellow, *an ha lived sixteen years here.* I wonder, replied the gentleman, *that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself.* Aye, answered the hostler, *but maister's* Yorkshire too.

QUIN, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him, and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited upon his lordship : but found the regale far from answering his expectation. Upon taking his leave, the servants, who were



very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall : Quin, finding that if he gave to each of them it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, ' which was the cook ; ' who readily answered, ' Me, sir.' He than enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other ; when he said to the first, *Here's half a crown for my eating*, and to the other, *Here's five shillings for my wine ; but by G--d, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the highlands of Scotland on horseback, was overtaken on the road by a violent storm, and obliged to put into an old woman's hovel, who sold tobacco and small beer, for shelter : among other things, he asked her if she did not wish to be in heaven ; ah ! quoth she, it is nae for sic poor folk as I to have such vain thoughts : troth, sir, I shall be e'en very weel content, gen I can get a wee corner in hell to keep my shop in.

A COCKNEY being sent to see what it was o' clock by St. Paul's clock, returned, and told his master it was *fourteen* o'clock. *Fourteen o' clock !* says his master ; what do you mean, you stupid dog ? indeed, sir, answered he, it is true ; for by St. George, St. Paul's clock struck *seven* and the pastry-cook just by struck *seven* more, and I'm sure, master, that seven and seven makes fourteen.



A PROUD parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? the same, said the shepherd, that cloath you, the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd, if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a *fool*. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. *Then you my tell your master,* replied the shepherd, *that his living won't maintain three of us.*

A SCOTCH bagpiper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood-side, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace, than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone; at length, he took up his bagpipes, and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. *The deal saw me,* said Sawney, *an I had kenn'd you lov'd music so, ye sbou'd have had it before dinner.*

A FELLOW hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed. When he return'd, his friends

asked what exploits he did there? He answer'd, *that he cut off one of the enemy's legs*; and being told it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head; *Oh!* says he, *you must know his head was cut off before.*

A FELLOW standing in the pillory near Temple-bar, occasioned a great stop, so that a carman, with a load of cheese, had much ado to get along; and driving just up to the pillory, ask'd what was wrote over the criminal's head? They told him, it was a paper to signify his crime, and that he stood there for *Forgery*. Ah! continued he, and what is *forgery*? they answered, that *forgery* was counterfeiting another's hand with intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking up at the offender; *Oh! pox on ye, this comes of your writing and reading, you silly dog!*

AN ingenious young gentleman, of Oxford, was appointed to preach at St. Mary's, before the vice-chancellor and the heads of the university. Having often observed the drowsiness of the vice-chancellor, he took for his text, *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* and at the end of every division, he repeated those words, which, by reason the vice chancellor sat near the pulpit, often awak'd him. This was highly applauded by the wits, and at length became the talk of the university, and nettled the vice-chancellor to such a degree, that he complain-  
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ed of it to the archbishop of Canterbury ; who, willing to redress him, sent for the preacher up to London, to make his defence against the crime laid to his charge. On his examination, he gave so many instances of his extraordinary wit, that the archbishop enjoined him to preach before king James ; to which, after some excuses, he agreed. Coming up into the pulpit, he begins ; James *the first and sixth*, waver not ; meaning the first king of England, and sixth of Scotland. The king at first seem'd amaz'd at the text, but in the end, was well pleased with the sermon ; and made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. After his advancement the archbishop sent him back to Oxford, to make his recantation to the vice-chancellor and take leave of the university, which he did accordingly, and took the latter part of the verse of his former text ; namely, *sleep on now and take your rest*. In the conclusion of his sermon, he made his apology to the vice-chancellor, saying, *whereas I said before* which gave offence, *what ! can't you watch one hour ?* I now say, *sleep on and take your rest* ; and so left the university.

A DIGNIFIED clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, John, says the doctor, from whence came you ? From your house,

says Mr. Soot; for this morning I have swept all your chimnies. How many were there, says the doctor? no less than twenty, quoth John. Well, and how much a chimney have you? only a shilling a piece, sir. Why then, quoth the doctor, you have earned a great deal of money in a little time. *Yes, yes, sir,* says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, *we black coats get our money easy enough.*

A YOUNG student, shewing the Museum at Oxford to a set of gentlemen and ladies, among other things produc'd a rusty sword, with which Balasam was going to kill his ase. Upon which, one of the company replied, that he thought Balasam had no sword, but only wish'd for one. You are right, says the student, and this is the very sword he wish'd for.

ONE of the rebels having escaped out of the tower in the year fifteen, a gentleman, frightened out of his senses, ran to king George I. to acquaint him of this news; and begged his majesty would tell him what he could do in this case. Really, sir, says the king, for your part, I don't know what you can do; but for the prisoner's part, I think he cou'd not have done better.

A REGIMENT of horse in king William's time, being quartered at Canterbury, and the  
archbishop

archbishop being then there, he invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner. One of the cornets being obliged to keep guard that day, and lamenting his misfortune, that he could not have the honour to dine with the bishop, bethought himself of this stratagem: he knew that one of his brother cornets was gone out of town, and would not return till evening; he determined therefore to wait for him at his lodgings, and frighten him by a false message from the bishop. Accordingly, when his comrade arrived, he addressed him thus: Tom, I believe I shall surprize you. Why, says Tom, what the dee'l is the matter? no great matter, says his comrade, only the bishop has sent for all the officers to hear them their catechism. The devil he has, quoth Tom! then I am ruin'd horse and foot, for as I am a sinner, I can't say three lines. Never be troubled about that, says his comrade, I can say mine every word; and if you'll mount guard for me to-morrow, I'll go in your place. With all my heart, says Tom, and thank you to the boot; so the next day, they all, except Tom, din'd with the bishop: his lordship, being a very polite man, told the colonel, that he hoped all his officers were there; for he intended it as a general invitation. The colonel told him they were all there, except one young gentleman, who was oblig'd to mount guard.

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The bishop took no notice of it then, but the next day sent his servant to the absent gentleman, to desire his company by himself: Tom had no sooner receiv'd the message, than he ran frightened out of his senses to his comrade, to make his complaint: ah! my friend, says Tom, 'tis all in vain; I must go at last, the bishop has sent for me. Never mind it, says his comrade, you'll do very well; he did not ask us above one question or two. Tom being thus prepared,, went to the bishop's, where he was introduced into a parlour; at length his lordship came in: sir, says the bishop, I am sorry I could not have the pleasure of your company yesterday; may I crave your name, says the bishop? my godfathers and godmothers, replied the cornet. Says the bishop, I don't mean to catechise you, and thus the cheat was discovered.

My friend Tom Tickle is peculiarly odd in his manner of drawing characters: I remember, he once while I was with him, sent his servant to a gentleman, who is remarkable for being always in a hurry, with a message of great importance; but the servant returned, and told his master, that the gentleman was in so great a hurry. he could not speak to him. *'Tis no more than I expected,* says Tom, *for he loses an hour in the morning, and runs after it all day.*



AN old woman, who was famous for selling ale at Oxford, and to whose house there resorted many of the scholars, several of them remarked, that they never saw their landlady at church; they insisted, that if she valued their custom, and hoped to have the continuation of it for the future, that on the succeeding and every Sunday following, she should constantly be there. She, like a woman, who valued her interest more than her religion, told them, that she wou'd be very willing to comply with their requests. Accordingly when Sunday came, she arrayed herself in her best apparel, and taking her ancient clasp bible, proceeded in great form to church: but being unused to the place, in sermon-time she fell fast asleep, and unluckily let her bible fall, which making a great noise, awakened her. She had forgot where she was, and thinking she was at home, and that her maids had done some mischief, started up in a great passion, with the following exclamation: so you slut, there's another jug broke, is there?

WHEN Moliere, the great comic poet of France, died, the archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground: the king being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding him unwilling to comply, ask'd how many feet deep the holy ground reach'd?

reach'd? the bishop answered, *about eight. Well,* replied the king, *I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let them bury him there.*

A GENTLEMAN riding over Salisbury plain, when it rained very hard, set up a gallop, and pass'd by another whose horse stood still; a little surpris'd at this sight, he ask'd the reason of it, *zounds,* says the other, *who the dee'l but a fool wou'd ride in all this wet.*

A CITIZEN invited some of his neighbours to a feast, his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman, accidentally spilt it on his hand; and for his carelessness his father took him a box on the ear. The son having recover'd himself, gave the next man a good box. Being asked the reason, said, *come, come, let it go round, 'twill come to my father anon, for I dare not strike him myself.*

SOME soldiers, quartered in a country town, meeting a farmer on the road, a little way out of town, in a dark night, robbed him of his great coat and money. The farmer went immediately to one of the captains of the regiment, to make complaint. *Honest friend,* says the captain, *when the soldiers robbed you, had you that coat on which you have now? Yes, Sir,* answered the poor man: *Why then,* replied the captain,

captain, *you may depend on't that they do not belong to my company, for they would not have left that nor even your shirt.*

A CERTAIN soldier, who was seized with a panic fear, came running to Leonidas, and said to him, *The enemy, O Leonidas, are upon us; then we certainly are upon them,* replied Leonidas. To another soldier, who told him, *The enemy were so numerous, that the darts obscured the sun: So much the better,* says he, *for then we shall have the pleasure of fighting in the shade.*

As the late king of France was passing over the Pont-neuf at Paris, on a winter's day, he saw a Gascoon very thinly clad, looking into the water; and riding up to him, asked him if he was not cold? Upon which the Gascoon answered, *No, and please your majesty; and if you'd do as I do you would not be cold neither. How is that?* says the king: *Why, wear all your cloaths at once,* replied the Gascoon.

A FRENCH Marquis, being one day at dinner at Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions; particularly the *Ruffle*, which, he said, *was de fine ornament to de hand; and had been followed by de oder nations.* Roger allowed what he said, but observed at the same time, *that the English, according to*  
*custom,*

*custom, had made a great improvement upon their invention. by adding a sbirt to it.*

AN English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the reason his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? *Faith, says the Knight, I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

A GENTLEMAN, speaking of Peggy Yates, the famous courtesan, who had always abundance of fine cloaths, said, *she was like a squirrel, for she covered her back with her tail.*

A SOLDIER was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar knowing him to be a coward, said, *he had best take heed the next time he ran away, how he looked back.*

A YOUNG gentlewoman, married to a very wild spark, who had made away with a plentiful estate, and was reduced to some streights, said very innocently to him one day, *My dear, I want some sbifts sadly. Zounds, Madam, replied he, how can that be, when we make so many every day?*

SOME men and their wives, who all lived on the same side of a street, being merry-making at a neighbour's house; said one of the husbands, it is reported that all the men in our row are cuckolds, but one. Soon after,  
his

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his wife being thoughtful, what makes you sad, my dear? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said? *No*, said she, *I'm only considering who that can be.*

A WOMAN prosecuted a gentleman for a rape; upon tryal the judge asked her, if she made any resistance? *I cried out*, and please your worship, said the woman. *Ay*, said one of the witnesses, *but that was nine months after.*

A NOBLE duke asked a clergyman once at the bottom of his table, why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next the parson? *Really*, said he, *I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future, without thinking upon your lordship.*

A COUNTRYMAN sowing his field, and two smart fellows riding by, one of them called to him with an insolent air; Well, honest countryman, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing hemp.*

THE dutchess of Newcastle, who wrote plays and romances in king Charles II.'s time, asked Bishop Wilkins, How she could get up to the world in the moon which he had discovered? for as the journey must needs be very long, there would be no possibility of going through,  
without



without baiting by the way. Oh! Madam, said the Bishop, *your grace has built so many castles in the air, you cannot want a place to bait at.*

BEN Johnson, being one night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all their discourse with an account of his lands and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear with it any longer, said, What signifies your dirt and clods to us? where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit. Have you so? replied the countryman, good Mr. Wiseacre? This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben mute for some time; why, how now, Ben? says one of the company, you seem to be quite stung? *Why, I never was so pricked by a hobnail before,* replied he.

A GENTLEMAN went one wet cold night into an inn, in Oxford; as firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so surrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this, he called for the ostler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry to his horse. *Oysters for your horse!* says the fellow, grinning: *What, shells and all!* *Aye aye,* replied the gentleman, *carry them to him unopened.* The fellow fetched the oysters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and asked whether they were really



really to be carried to his horse : *For, says he, I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life. No matter for that,* replied the gentleman, *carry them to him.* Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney corner, which was what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. *Why, Sir, says he, I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil o' one of them will your horse touch.* Like enough, replied the gentleman ; *why then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them.*

WHEN the Duke's army marched towards Edinburgh, in 1745, some of the troops being quartered at an inn in the Noth Riding of Yorkshire, the host expressed a great veneration for the military ; saying, he thought them the only bulwarks of the nation, and he particularly expressed his regard to one corporal, to whom he gave an invitation to his house, and begged upon his return, he would come and fix his laurels for a week at his house ; saying, amongst other civil things, that the soldiers were the pillars of the state. Some time after, the corporal

poral having a little spare time upon his hands, and being in that part of the country, he paid a visit to his former host, when he met with a very cold reception. The corporal, who was not a little nettled at his landlord's behaviour, reminded him, that he should not have troubled him upon this occasion, had he not been so urgently pressed the last time he was that way, and had not his host been so particularly civil to the military, as to say he looked upon them as the pillars of the nation. *That is very true,* replied the host; *but then I meant the caterpillars of the nation.*

QUIN the player, famous for his repartees, dined in the country with a certain great duke who made an apology for treating his guests only with port wine, because his butler had lost the key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into the garden to shew them an ostrich; and, among other strange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digest iron. Then, my lord, says Quin, I suppose it was he that *swallowed the key of your grace's cellar.*

ON the death of the late glorious king William, and the accession of queen Anne to the throne of these realms, a young clergyman, whose talents were purely evangelic, asked a friend what alterations were necessary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon  
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on that occasion ? His friend answered, no other than that where he said king before, he must then say queen ; and where he said lord, he must say lady ; our Levite went away well edified by his friend's instructions, as you shall hear ; for, the next Sunday, when he was reading divine service, and came to this prayer, Almighty king of kings, and lord of lords, he, with an audible voice, began, *Almighty queen of queens, and lady of ladies.*

THE same hopeful parson used to be very prolix in his sermons, which many of his congregation complained of ; among the rest his mother once took him to task about it ; upon which he told her, that he did not know when to leave off. Well then, my dear, said she, take notice of me ; and I will, when I think your sermon has been long enough, put my finger up to my nose, after which you must take the first opportunity to conclude. Accordingly the next sermon day, his mother was in her seat at church, which stood just opposite the pulpit, from whence her son had a full view of her, and watched for the signal ; this she unfortunately gave, just as he was telling his hearers, what virtues were necessary for them to practise : and that if they failed to do them, they would certainly be damned, which, says he, (in consequence of his mother's sign) *That you may all be, God of his infinite mercy grant.*

A SCHOOL-MASTER being very angry one day with one of his young scholars, for writing his name upon the wainscot, was going to whip him; but the boy begging earnestly, the master said, He's a fool, and ever shall, that writes his name upon a *Wall*; firrah, what say you to that? To which the lad made answer, He's a fool and ever shall, that takes a *Wainscot* for a *Wall*.

A SCHOLAR riding along the road, upon a pitiful tir'd jade, by chance a post came riding that way, as he lay digging with his spurs to make way, but he stirred not; says the gentleman to him, do not you see, Sir, I ride post, and do not you see, says the scholar, that *I ride upon a post*?

A DRUNKEN fellow was brought before a justice, and what question soever the justice asked him, he still said, *your worship's wife*. Then he committed him till the next day; then sent for him again, and told him of his idle talking yesterday. Why, what did I say? Why, what-soever I said to you, you still cried *Your worship's wife*, that I thought thou wert mad. Truly, says he, *if I said so, I think I was mad indeed*.

A COUNTRYMAN that lived at London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, If he saw Whitehall? No, says he; strange, said the other, what could be the reason of it? Why, truly, says he, *the keeper of Newgate was*

*So cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.*

A DOCTOR in Oxford, at his own charges, was mending the causeway; and a nobleman riding by, said, How now, doctor! I see you are mending the highway, but it is not the highway to heaven. No, my lord, says he, if it were, I should have wondered to have seen you come this way.

IT was said of a woman of the town, by a rake who knew her, and saw her in prison, that she had now seen the four ages: the golden one, when her favours would procure her a guinea; the silver one, when they came down to half a crown; the brazen one, when she was not beneath accepting copper; and at length the iron one, now she was reduced to look through a prison window.

A FRENCHMAN, who spoke very bad English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her *bitch*, but could not recollect the name; at last he thought he had done it, by saying, *Begar, my deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife.* Aye, that's true enough, answered the woman, *the more's my misfortune.*

A POOR, but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting

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debts



debts with several in the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded some time, for fear of being troubled; and in short was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before the parsoners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words, *Have patience with me, and I will pay you all.* He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, *Have patience*, secondly, *and I will pay you all*; he then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most Christian virtue, *Patience*; after which, *and now*, says he, *having done with my first head, viz. have patience, I come to my second and last general head, which is, and I will pay you all;—but that I must defer to another opportunity.* Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

PATRICK M<sup>c</sup>Blunder, a poor fellow from the north of Ireland, came into England to seek a service; and after having staid here some considerable time, resolved to revisit his own country. It happened one day, that meeting with an old acquaintance, he took him to a public-house to treat him with something to drink; and

and after much conversation between them concerning the wonders which Patrick had seen in England, he called for change for a guinea, which very much surprized his companion; (for guineas are very strange things in the north of Ireland). At length recovering from his fright, he calls out, Arrah, my dear Paddy, vat ish dat you have got? Ish it a raal guinea now? Yes, replied Patrick, it is a good guinea, and I have several more at home, honey. And where did you get them, joy? Why, in England, says Patrick. In England! And are there any more of 'em dere, now? By my shoul, replies Patrick, but they are so plenty, dat a man cannot receive forty or fifty shillings, but he is obliged to take ten or a dozen of them.

A FACETIOUS canon of Windsor, taking his evening-walk as usual into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port; So, says the canon, from whence came you? I don't know, Mr. Canon, replies the vicar; *I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few friends.* Ay, and now, says the canon, *you are reeling it home.*

A YOUNG man married a peevish woman, who was not content with her husband's kind usage, but complained to her father still, which tired him quite out. A little after, her husband, to break her humour, struck her, and she

ran to her father. He, willing to reform her, lac'd her sides well with a holly crap, saying, Commend me to thy husband, and tell him I am now even with him; for *I have cudgelled his wife. as well as he has beat my daughter.*

A GENTLEMAN riding, had a dog named Cuckold, who ran after a proud bitch into an entry. He then cried out, Cuckold, Cuckold: The woman came out, and told him he was a rogue to call her husband Cuckold: No, says he, I call not him, but my dog: The more knave you, says she, *to call a dog by a Christian body's name*

A LAWYER's man asked him what was the strongest point in law? He told him good and sufficient witness: for which advice his man was to pay for his charges that night; so he bespoke good cheer purposely, and left his man in the morning to pay the reckoning. That day it began to rain, and his master called for his cloak: Sir, says he, I have left it for the reckoning. Why, sirrah, says he, were you not to pay it, by our last agreement? True, Sir, says he, I do confess it between us two; but where is your *good and sufficient witness to carry it?*

A RICH bishop's steward told his lord, that his servants were too many, and that his estate would not hold out. Well, says he, give me a note of all that are necessary, and all that are superfluous; which when he had read, Well, says

says he, let the first remain, because I have need of them ; and the rest shall stay, because they need me.

IN a country town, a complaint was made to the justice, that the drink was made too strong ; after they had sat two days about it, they ordered that small beer should be brewed ; which a mad fellow hearing, came and asked them, whether they had sat two days about the brewing of small drink ? They said, yes. Why then, says he, you may sit three days more *to know who will drink it, for I'll drink none of it.*

SOME tylers working on the top of a house, one by chance dropt down through the rafters : Says one, I like such a fellow dearly, for *he is one that goes through his work.*

A MAN, on his death-bed, bequeathed all he had to his three sons : to the first he gave all his land, for he said he had been very dutiful ; but he said, he hoped his father would live to enjoy it all himself ; to the second he gave all his money and goods, for he had been dutiful also ; and he wished his father might enjoy it all himself : and to the third he said, thou hast been a villain, a rogue, and a vagabond ; I first give to thee the benefit of the stocks, to keep both thy legs warm ; and next, Bridewell, where thou shalt dine upon free cost with Mr. Lashington every day, and then I bestow the gallows upon thee at last. Truly, father, says he, I

thank you, and *I hope you'll live to enjoy them all yourself.*

A GENTLEMAN dying, says a Jesuit, Sir, I hope you will give to our convent such a ground, and such a field, and such a manor. Yes, says he : but his son and heir standing by, fearing all would be given from him, (for the priest said, the last will of the dead must be obeyed) said, father, shall I break the Jesuit's neck down stairs? Yes, says he, *for the last will of the dead must be obeyed;* and so he presently threw him down stairs.

A GENTLEMAN, suspected to be a Roman-Catholic, was convened before a justice of the peace, who bid him call the pope knave : Sir, said he, should I call him knave I never saw? But if I knew him *as well as I do your worship,* I'd call him so a thousand times.

ONE at confession told his ghostly father, that his chiefest sin was, that the last Lent he threw into the Jakes a gammon of bacon which a friend sent him, which he durst not eat, being Lent time. The fryer told him he did ill, he should rather have given it to the poor, or eat it himself. Truly, father, says he, I thought so; *for I first eat it, and then sent it into the Jakes.*

A TRAVELLER in a cold night coming to a kitchen-fire, stood so near, that he burnt his boots; which the turn-spit boy seeing, said,  
Sir,



Sir, you'll burn your spurs presently. My boots thou meanest, boy. No, Sir, says he, *they are burnt already.*

SOME women resolved to abuse two fryers, for they laid a hog under the table, saying, it was the woman's dead husband, and they were to sing a dirge for his soul; during the service, the women tittered and laughed; which one of the fryers spying, whilst they went into the next room to laugh out, the fryers took up the cloth, saw the hog, and that they were abused, took him up, and carried him quite away: which the women seeing, called after them; but they said, *It was a brother of theirs, and must be buried in their convent.*

ONE who was but poor in cloaths, but of a haughty mind, was boasting of his gentility, and from what a noble house he was descended, which one over-hearing, and being wearied with his babbling, said, what a noise is here with your gentility and nobility! when I can make it appear, our miller's horse is the better gentleman of the two; *for you shall never see him go abroad without a man to wait upon him.*

ALPHONSO, king of Naples, sent a moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to purchase horses, and to return by such a time. There was about the king a buffoon, or jester, who had a table-book, wherein he used to regis-

ter any remarkable absurdity that happened at court. The day the moor was dispatched to Barbary, the said jester waiting on the king at supper, the king called for his table-book: in which the jester kept a regular journal of absurdities. The king took the book, and read, How Alphonso, king of Naples, had sent Beltram the moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, his own country, with so many thousand crowns to buy horses. The king turned to his jester, and asked, why he inserted that? because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again: and so you have lost both man and money: but, if he does come, says the king, then your jest is marr'd: no, Sir, replies the buffoon, *for if he should return, I will blot out your name, and put in his for a fool.*

AN author came into a bookseller's shop where Nash was reading, and offered a poem to sell. The bookseller refusing to give the money he asked, he turned short round, and said he would carry it home, for that he did not care how much wit he had in hand. *True,* says Nash, *and I think you should always keep some in hand, my friend, for I fancy you have but little in head.*

DR. Bentley shewing a young lady the fine library in Trinity college, and among the rest of the books, his own writings curiously bound,  
asked

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asked the lady how she liked the binding : the lady answered, they were extremely handsome, but she chose rather to have his *works in sheets*.

A **TEMPLAR** going at Christmas into Yorkshire, to see his father, took some other templars along with him ; and in one of the holidays, he would have them to an alehouse hard by, where the woman was deaf. So coming thither, Oh, my young master, says she, I han't seen you these seven years. Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, Here's to thee, and to all the rogues, whores and bawds in England. She seeing his lips go, but hearing him not, said, come, sir, I'll pledge you, for I know you *drink to your father and mother and those good gentlewomen your sisters*.

A **JURY** having given 1500*l.* damages against Dr. R———H——ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife, as the defendant was going out of court, he cried, ' damn these twelve apprisers, they have confoundedly over valued my pastime.'

A **CERTAIN** great lady passing in her chariot through Long-Acre one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel. The spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion : the old lady ordering her coachman to stop at the door, called out, ' My son, my son, never be ashamed

ed at coming out of a bawdy house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.

THE late Dr. B—r—y, whose wit had too often a tincture of ill nature, was one evening very hard upon Mr. H—ll, who had been in great distress—H—ll took no notice of him at first, but suffer'd him to run on till he changed the subject, and amongst other things the Dr. mentioned his having been out of town for a week. Aye, says Mr. H—ll, that was published in all the Saturday's papers. In what form, says the doctor? Why DECREASED IN THE BURIALS THIS WEEK, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR.

IT is said of dean Swift, that the last sparkle of his wit, when he was sinking into idiocy, was on the following occasion. Mr. Handel, who was then about to quit Ireland, went to take leave of him. The servant was some time before he could make the dean understand him; which when he did he immediately cried out, *Prodigious! a German and a genius, admit him, admit him.*

WHEN Mr. Witherilt belonged to Drury-Lane playhouse, he used in the summer-season to go into the country with his family to play at several towns in Lincolnshire, the county where he was born. Being at Grantham, his son was taken ill, and when he was summoned to attend his business in town he sent a letter  
excusing

excusing himself to Mr. Wilks for a few days, *because his son was at the point of death.* What follows is remarkable : The very night this letter was wrote, the son, in all appearance, expired, was stript and washed, the bed taken away, and he laid out upon a mat, with a basin of salt placed on his stomach, according to the custom of the country where he died ; the inconsolable parents, (for his mother was also of the company) removed to another lodging, the coffin was sent into the deceased's chamber, and the windows were all set open. About ten at night a person was sent with a light to watch the corps. When she opened the door, the first object she beheld was poor Bob (as he was generally called by his intimates) sitting up, with his teeth chattering in his head, as well they might, with cold. The woman, in her fright, dropt the candle, and scream'd out *the devil!* The noise alarmed another woman below, who ran up stairs to see what was the matter. In the mean time, Bob, with much ado, had made a shift to get from the bed ; and taking up the candle, which lay upon the floor unextinguished, was creeping to the door to call for assistance, as naked as from the womb of his mother ; which the women perceiving, with joint screams repeated, *a ghost, a ghost! the devil, the devil!* The master of the house hearing this uproar, ran himself to know the



reason; where poor Bob, the supposed devil, and he, soon came to a right understanding. He was put into a warm bed, to the unpeakable joy of his desponding parents, and in ten days after was in London, telling the story of his own death.

WHEN queen Elizabeth first proposed to the famous civilian Dr. Dale, his being employed by her in Flanders, she, among other encouragements, told him, that he should have twenty shillings a-day for his expences: *Then, madam,* said he, *I will spend nineteen shillings a day.* What will you do with the odd shilling, the queen replied? *I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;* meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. During the doctor's stay in Flanders, he once sent in a packet to the secretaries of state, two letters, one to the queen and the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was superscribed *To his dear wife;* and that for his wife *To her most excellent majesty;* so that the queen having opened his letter, found it beginning with *Sweet-Heart,* and afterwards with *my dear,* and *dear love,* with such expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake rais'd; but the doctor by his oversight got a supply of money.

—When

—When upon the overtures for a treaty, the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat; the Spanish ambassador said, the French was the most proper, because, said he to Dr. Dale, your mistress intitles herself Queen of France. Nay then, said the doctor, let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself king of Jerusalem.

A GENTLEMAN of distinction being introduced to the Bishop of Wirtemberg, when he was at table with his court, the Bishop said to him, you see me here with my flock about me. The gentleman, who observed large glasses moving briskly about in the German way, answered, Yes, my lord, and if you do not feed your flock well, you at least take care it shall drink well.

ONE telling Tasso the poet, that an enemy of his abused him every where; it is better, said Tasso, he should speak ill of me to all the world, than all the world speak ill of me to him.

CHARLES V. who was remarkable for his acquaintance with all ranks of life, upon a visit to the dominican cloisters in Vienna, overtook a country farmer carrying a pig to market, the squeaking of which was very disagreeable to him; at length not able to endure it, he said to the farmer, Friend, cannot you silence your pig? The fellow ingenuously confessed

fessed he did not know now: then, says the emperor, hold it by the tail, and you will find it will squeak no longer. The fellow did so, and it had the proposed effect: upon which the farmer looking archly upon the emperor. said, *Whoever you are, it is plain you have learnt this trade better than I have.*

A GENTLEMAN telling a friend of his that he wondered he did not lay up money, when to his knowledge he had eight hundred a year, and did not appear to spend above two; your surprize, said the other, will cease, when you know how my estate goes. I employ two hundred in paying what I owe, I lend two hundred, I spend two hundred, and I lose two hundred. The two hundred I pay, are what I allow my father and mother, who are poor; the two hundred I lend, are laid out in the education of my children, who I hope will return it me; the two hundred I spend are in necessaries for my family; and the two hundred I lose, are consumed by my wife in dress and pleasure.

DR Swift being one day at a visitation dinner, a clergyman, who valued himself more upon his wit than he ought, and often mistook a rough kind of abuse for keen raillery, took into his head to exercise his talents upon the Dean, and did so very licentiously. The Dean heard him as calmly as if he had not  
heard

heard him; not taking the least notice, nor making any kind of answer to any thing that he said. At length the Bishop interposed, and checked the petulance of the Snarl (for that was the name he was known by). The Dean immediately got up, and begged that no restraint might be laid upon the gentleman; *Momus, my lord, was always admitted to the feast of the Gods, and privileged to say what he pleased there.*

LORD Faulkland was much distinguished by his extraordinary parts and heroic spirit: he was elected very young a member of the House of Commons; his admission into which was opposed by some of the old members, who said, *he had not yet sown his wild oats.* Upon which my lord replied, *It would be the best way then to sow them in the house, where there were so many geese to pick them up.*

Soon after the Earl of Ch——d came into Privy-council, a place of great trust happened to become vacant, to which his majesty and the Duke of Dorset recommended two very different persons. His majesty espoused the interest of his friend with some heat, and told them, *he would be obeyed;* but not being able to succeed, he left the council-chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he retired, the matter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried against the king: however, in the humour  
his

his majesty was then in, a question arose, who should carry the grant of the office for his majesty to sign; and the lot fell on Lord Ch—d. His lordship expecting to find his majesty in a very unfavourable mood, (as it accordingly happened) prudently forbore to incense him by an abrupt request, and instead of bluntly asking him to sign the instrument, very submissively asked *whose name* his majesty would be pleased to have inserted, to fill up the blanks. The king answered, in a passion, *the Devil's if you will.* Very well, replied his lordship; *but would your majesty have the instrument run in the usual style, "Our truly and well beloved Cousin and Counsellor?"* The king laughed, and with all the good nature in the world set his name to the paper, though to promote a person not very acceptable to himself.

A SMART fellow crossing a late king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn: *Pray, Sir,* says he, *do not knight me before my elder brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother:* which turned the king's fury into a fit of laughter.

A GENTLEMAN going to take water at Whitehall-stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, *Who can swim?* I, master, said forty bawling mouths: when the gentleman observing one flinging away, called after him; but the fellow turning about, said, *Sir, I cannot swim;*



*swim*; then you are my man, said the gentleman, for you will at least take care of me for your own sake.

AN honest bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a bye lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him, that he was better fed than taught. *Very true, indeed,* replied the farmer, *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A KNIGHT in Warwickshire, that was very hospitable, especially at Christmas, when he always invited all his tenants to dinner; which said knight had always a jackanapes tied at his parlour-door, and as the country women came in, he would snatch at their petticoats, and then grin in their faces; which a discreet woman observing, asked what it was? She was told, he was a jackanapes: with that, as she came to the parlour door, she makes him a low curtsie, and says, By your leave, good Mr. Jananapes: with that, he plucked and grinned at her more than all the rest: Fie, fie, says she, you don't do well, truly, Sir, to grin and jeer an honest woman, whose husband has paid scot and lot in the parish these twenty years, and I am sure *I am old enough to be your mother*; indeed you are to blame.

A NOBLEMAN of this kingdom, who was often put into the tower by the Rump, and  
Oliver,

Oliver, for his loyalty to the king, was followed by a cripple (who was a cavalier also) who begged earnestly of him; for, my lord, says he, you know that you and I have been in all the prisons in London. Out! you lying rogue! says he, I never was in any prison but the Tower. Yes, says he, and *I have been in all the rest.*

A NOTORIOUS thief, in Wales, was brought to be tried for his life, and the judge had a great mind to hang him; and upon examination, he confessed he did the robbery. Now, says the judge, you of the jury, pray take notice he hath confessed it, you need no other evidence. A little after, they brought him in Not Guilty. Then the judge bid them go back again, and still they brought Not Guilty; and so they did three times. The judge asked them the reason; the foreman told him, they had reason enough for what they did; for, says he, we all know him very well to be one of the arrantest liars in the world, and not to be believed in whatsoever he says.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth, in her progress through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor, attended by the aldermen, addressed her majesty in rhyme, in the following words:

We

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We men of Coventry  
Are very glad to see  
Your royal majesty :  
Good Lord ! how fair you be !

To which her majesty returned the following  
gracious answer :

My royal majesty  
Is very glad to see  
Ye men of Coventry :  
Good Lord ! what fools you be !

IN a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen paid the aforesaid city another visit : Mr. Mayor, on her majesty's departure, among other particulars said, When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, egad, *he took the wrong sow by the ear*. The Queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the Queen as far as the gallows, which stood about a mile out of the town.

THE council-chamber of the same corporation having occasion to be beautified, the Mayor for the time being, which was soon after the accession of King George I. undertook to superintend the workmen employed in that business. As is usual, an inscription was put up, after the whole was compleated, mentioning the year, &c. in which the room was ornamented ;

ed; but the *wise* Mayor perceiving the words *Anno Domini*, immediately sent for and abused the painter for committing such a gross blunder as putting *Anno Domini*; when, says he, don't you know that Queen Anne is dead, and therefore it should be *Georgio Domini*.

Soon after King James I. came to the throne of England, he took it into his head one day to go and hear causes in Westminster hall, to shew his wisdom and learning, of which he had no mean opinion. Accordingly, being seated on that bench, a cause came on, which the counsel, learned in the law, set forth to such advantage, on the part of the plaintiff, that the sagacity of the royal judge soon saw the justice of it so clearly, that he frequently cried out, 'I've ken the matter unco weel! The gude mon is i' the reeght! He mun ha' it! he mun ha' it!'—And when the counsel had concluded, took it as an high affront, that the judges of the court should presume to remonstrate to him, that it was the rule *audire alteram partem*, to hear both parties before they gave judgment. Curiosity to know what could be said in so clear a case, rather than any respect to their rules, made him defer his decision; but the defendant's council had scarce begun to open their cause, when his *sacred* majesty appeared greatly discomposed, and was so puzzled as they proceeded, that he had no patience

tience to hear them out, but starting up in a passion, cried, 'Pse hear ne mere! ye are a' knaves aleeke! ye gi' each other the lee, and neither's i' the reeght.'

LORD C—— was asked once, why he preferred playing with sharpers to gentlemen: Why, said he, if I play with sharpers, and win, I am sure to be paid; but if I win of gentlemen, they frequently behave so genteelly, that I get nothing but *words and polite apologies* for my money.

AN arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried for horse stealing, the judge immediately cried, oh! here is a noted villain, I am sure! why, sirrah, I can see the rogue in your face: *ah, my lord, says the fellow, I wonder at that; for I did not know my face was a looking-glass, till your lordship saw yourself in it.*

A PARSON and clerk having a mind for a whet before service begun, went to a tavern, but drinking rather too much, the pastor, while the deputy was singing a psalm, fell asleep in his pulpit; the clerk observing it, and willing to excuse him, sung the psalm twice over; but finding the faithful shepherd still sleeping, jogg'd him, and said, *sir, it is out.* To which the parson loudly answered, *why then fill another,* thinking himself still in the tavern.

A GENTLEMAN



A GENTLEMAN having brought his friend down in his cellar, his friend observing there was no seat to sit on, asked him the reason of it. Because, says the other, I will have no man that comes here drink any longer *than he can stand*.

AN Irishman having a looking glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my soul*, says Paddy, *It is to see how I look when I am asleep*.

A CERTAIN reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, that it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Oh!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it*.

AN Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted upon the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn——‘Why,’ replied the Oxonian, the shortest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money.’——‘Are you sure of that,’ replied the traveller; then (drawing a pistol out of his pocket), as I am for expedition, your money this instant.’ The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

A FRENCHMAN having lived a single life too long, as he thought, to his advantage, resolved

solved to marry a wife to dress his victuals, and take care of his household affairs. At last he pitches upon one; but she being a proud finiky creature, would do little or nothing. After he had been married a month, and the honey moon was pretty well over, he desires her to dress the meat he had bought for dinner. At which she grumbled and gave him four looks, saying, truly, she expected to have a maid to do that for her, for she was never bred up to such slavery. He seemed contented, and only replied, *Var well, my dear, if dat you vil not do it var me, begar me vil do it var you;* and did it accordingly. At night the bed was to be made, but she would not do it; so he was forced to do it for her. Sunday he takes her abroad for a walk in the fields; and after some time, they sat down under a hedge to rest themselves, and monsieur spying a pretty young crab-stick, pulls out his knife, and desires his wife to go and cut it for him; but she complained of her being tired, and she would not rise, not she indeed. *Vel, madame,* said he, *me vil do it var you;* so rises, cuts the stick, and trims it for use: then coming to her, says, *See, my dear, vat pritty, pritty stick dis is; do take it and beat yourself vid it.* What, says she, do you take me for a fool, or mad? *Vel den,* says he, *me vil do it var you;* and so belaboured her to some purpose; that ever afterwards she was  
a good

a good wife, and always willing to do her duty, without giving her husband the trouble to do it for her.

THREE or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the university of Oxford, espied a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand ; says one of the scholars to the rest, if you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present ; no doubt of it they were not long in consenting : why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon ; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough ; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surprized to see his ass thus metamorphosed : oh ! pray, said the scholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from off my back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old man ? why, said he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass ; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him : by all

all means, said the crockery merchant. I don't desire to have any thing to do with conjuration; and so set the scholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for: but the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: *oh! oh!* says he, *what! have he and his father quarrelled again already? no, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.*

A LADY of quality sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charged him to take coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them: but a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obeyed his orders. How then, answered the lady, could the stays be wet, if you took them into the coach with you? No, replied honest Teague, *I know my place better; I did not go into the coach, but rode behind, as I always used to do.*

A GENTLEMAN having bespoke a supper at an inn, desired his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying of the  
E
cloth,

cloth, and took the plates and knives, and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to baulk his humour, threw the bottles and glasses down also; at which the host being surprized, enquired the reason of his so doing. *Nay, nothing,* replied the gentleman, *but when I saw you throw the plates and knives down stairs, I thought you had a mind to sup below.*

SIR Richard Steel having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprized at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed that they were fellows, of whom he would very willingly be rid: and being then ask'd why he did not discharge them, declared *that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid.* His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt discharged their attendance; having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

WHEN



WHEN Mr G——ck was last at Walton-Bridge assembly, an old gentleman of about four score danced remarkably well, upon which Mr. G——ck said to another gentleman, I should not like to be that gentleman's heir; why, sir, said the other? because, said Mr. G——ck, I should think he would live too long, and besides, said he, if he were dead, I would be afraid he would rise again, if a tabor and pipe were to play over his grave.

WHEN the earl of Stair was last ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ambassadors were constantly invited, not excepting the ambassador of France, with whose nation we were then upon the point of breaking. In return, the abbe de Ville, the French resident, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The abbe was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a certain quaintness, in which he seemed to take great pride. Agreeable to this humour, he one day proposed a health in these terms: *The Rising Sun*, my master; alluding to a motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the baron de Reishach's turn to give a health; and he, to countenance the abbe and to please him, proposed, *The moon and fixed stars*, in compliment to his mistress the empress queen, which was greatly

applauded : and when it came to the earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him ; but that nobleman, whose presence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occasions, drank his master, by the name of *Josbua the son of Nun, who made the sun and the moon to stand still.*

SIR C—dy M—cd—l, a Scots baronet, and member of parliament for one of the royal boroughs of that kingdom, came one morning, according to custom, to Sir Robert's levee, and without the least ceremony laid hold of his ribband. Sir Robert could not readily disengage himself, and the baronet lugg'd him to the window, in which, fousing himself down, he happened to have an escape, which carried with it so loud a report that it threw the whole company into laughter. *Very well, Sir C—dy, said the minister, pray what have you farther to say ? —Why, this it is, Sir Robert, I owe fifteen hundred pund, and by G—d if you don't give it me I'll e'en go to-morrow to the house and vote according to my conscience.* 'Tis to be presumed the demand was comply'd with in private, tho' laugh'd at in public, as this gentleman voted with Sir Robert to the last.

A R—d b—r being invited to a public entertainment, and having transgress'd the bounds of sobriety, in the way to his lodgings, coming by a gentleman's house where there  
were

were posts before the door, stumbling upon one of them, he very complaisantly took off his hat, and begged pardon for the affront he had put upon it.

A BARBER of Lincoln, who generally shaves for a penny, and had lately the good fortune to marry a handsome wife, with a trifle of money, happened to call in at a neighbour's, who keeps a school; the children at that time were reading their lessons, and one of the boys coming to the following passage in the New Testament, viz. *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven*; The barber suddenly started and turned pale, and with tears cried out, *If that is the case, the Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of my poor soul.*

DURING the time of the king of Denmark's residence in England, an Irish gentleman, in the true spirit of bull-making, offered to bet a guinea that his majesty would visit Ireland, before he left the kingdom.

AMONGST the characters at the late masqued ball, was a Hebe (supposed to be the lovely Miss H—lls) whose wit gave great pleasure to all she conversed with: a nobleman, not remarkable for his understanding, asked her if she was the real Hebe or a counterfeit? Oh, my lord (says she) do not blame me for assuming a character, which thousands of wo-

men in this age do on the verge of fourscore, as well in dress as conversation.

AN old man who had married a young wife, complained to a friend, how unhappy he had always been. *When I was young*, said he, *I went abroad for want of a wife; and now I am old, my wife goes abroad for want of a husband.*

A POET going over Lincoln's Inn Fields, one, who pretended to be a poor maimed soldier, begged his charity. The poet asked him by what authority he went a begging? I have a licence for it, answered the soldier; *licence*, said the poet! *lice thou may'st have, but sense thou can'st have none, to beg of a poet.*

THE following droll story is told of a person at present playing the patriot in a more conspicuous station; but also formerly practised as an attorney. A man having a bill on an alderman, since dead, the acceptance of which was refused, applied to this attorney, who declared he would make the alderman accept it, and accordingly wrote a letter, but the alderman thinking the manner favoured of impertinence, and the matter of ignorance, answered it in this laconic way:

Brass, brass,

Your client's a fool and you're an ass.

Two coming into an inn, they bid the hostler give their horses some oats; presently one going down, saw the hostler robbing the  
the

the horses, for which chiding him, he returned to his companion, that had trusted too much in the hostler's fidelity: *What, said his companion, have the horses dined already? Yes, I believe yours hath,* replied he, *for as I went down just now, I saw the hostler taking away.*

A PLAIN country fellow, born in Essex, coming to London, which place he had never seen before, as he walked in a certain street, not a great way from Mark-Lane, spy'd a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle to it; and wondering what it meant, he takes it in his hand, and played with it to and fro; at length pulling it hard, he heard a bell ring; it so happened that the merchant being near the door, went himself, and demanded what the fellow would have. Nothing, sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty thing which hangs at your door. What countryman are you, said the merchant? An Essexman, an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, replied the merchant, for I have often heard say, that if a man beat a bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a calf. *It may be so,* replied the countryman, *and I think a man can no sooner ring a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold.*

A COUNTRY curate being to examine his young catechumens one Friday in Lent, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was oblig'd to leave a game of *All-fours* unfinished; telling



his antagonist, he wou'd soon dispatch his audience, and see him out; and for fear any tricks shou'd be play'd with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock. On asking one of the children how many commandments there were, and the boy not readily answering, one of the cards dropp'd out of his sleeve. However, he had the presence of mind to bid the same boy pick it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did; then turning to the parents, said, *Are ye not ashamed to pay so little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your negligence, and brought this card with me to detect your immorality in teaching your children to know the cards before their commandments.*

KING Charles the first, being once going to dinner, when the chaplain in waiting was out of the way, he commanded Archee his jester to say grace; which he immediately performs thus: *All glory be to God on high, and little laud to the devil.* At which all the courtiers smiling, because it reflected upon *Laud*, archbishop of Canterbury, who was a little man, the king told Archee that he would give an account of him to his grace the archbishop: and what will you do then? says the king. O, says Archee, I will hide myself where he shall never find me. Where's that? says the king. *In the*

*the pulpit, says Archee, for I am sure he never comes there.*

AN usurer having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any that should bring it him. A tender-conscienced man finding it, brought it to him, demanding the ten pounds. But he, to baffle him, alledged, there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag, when lost; tho' upon breaking open the seal there appeared no more than an hundred. The man arrested him for his promise, and it coming to be tried before a judge of *Nisi Prius*, it appearing that the seal had not been broken open, nor the bag ripped, says the judge to the defendant, the bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it, you say? Yes, my lord, says he. Then, replied the judge, according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be your money, for here was but a hundred pounds: *therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner comes; and you must look for your hundred and ten pounds where you can find it.*

A VERY ignorant, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book, and smile, asked him, what there was in that book, that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated

to you, cousin Jack. Is it so? said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had that honour done me; upon which taking it into his hand, he found it to be Perkin's catechism, dedicated to all ignorant persons.

A PHILOSOPHER carrying something hid under his cloak, an impertinent person asked him, what he had under his cloak? To which the philosopher answered, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

A MAN of mean fortune married a handsome woman of great estate, who kept a gallant: and one day being in private with him, she told him, how greatly she loved him; but the husband over-hearing her, bid him not to believe her, for, says he, she has told me the same story these seven years.

THE reverend Mr. Brodie preaching one day at a kirk in Edinburgh, on hell torments, in extreme cold weather, represented them to be intolerable, by the excess of cold they suffered there. One of his congregation, after sermon, took upon him to ask the reason of his so doing, when all the eminent divines had preached it up to be the reverse. *O, Sir,* said he, *I had good reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to hell to warm themselves.*

CERTAIN country clowns being very familiar with their minister, one of them, being

ing an unmannerly fellow, and illiterate, giving him no other terms than *good man parson*, without any additional title, was reprehended by one of the most knowing amongst them, who told him he ought to call him *Pastor*: why so? replies the fellow. Because, says he, *Pastor* is as much as *shepherd*, or the *head of sheep*. The other thanked him for his counsel, and promised he would not commit the like incivility again; but presently after, having the cup in his hand, drinks to him, and says, *Master sheep's head, here's to you, sir*; thinking he had made amends for his former simplicity.

A YOUNG gentleman, after a very great misfortune, came to his mistress, and told her, he was reduced even to the want of five guineas. To which she replied, I am glad of it, with all my heart. Are you so, madam, adds he, suspecting her constancy: pray why so? *because*, said she, *I can furnish you with five thousand*.

THE late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him, he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a short time dinner was brought in; and a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not

appear. The doctor eat the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, bid them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, ' Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint.' Saying this, he lifted up the cover; and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile; " See, says he, what we studious people are! " I forgot I had din'd."

A GREAT *Epicure* making a visit to a nobleman of his acquaintance, found him playing at back-gammon with his chaplain; the clergyman leaving the room, the gentleman asked his friend, how he could be so mean, as to sit playing with his chaplain? swearing, for his part he would rather play with his cook. Why then, says the nobleman, you would do the very same thing for which you censure me; for as you make a god of your guts, your cook is your chaplain.

QUEEN Elizabeth seeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effects of her favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in *Italian*, *What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?* After a little pause, he answered, *He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise.* The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward,*



Edward, *I must not confute you: anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A CERTAIN musician, who had a very bad voice, as he was singing one day, took notice of a gentlewoman, who fell a crying; and imagining the sweetness of his melody had awakened some passion in her breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He had no sooner ended his song, but going to the lady, asked her why she cried? Oh! said she, I am the unfortunate woman, whose ass the wolves devoured yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought of my ass, *for surely never were two voices more alike.*

IT was said of one, who remembered every thing he *lent*, and nothing he *borrowed*, that he *had lost half his memory.*

THE steward of a noble lord's estate in the country had commissioned, among other things, a peasant who was going up to London (with the design chiefly to see the fine folks there) to carry to his lady a basket of peaches. This lady lived in the environs of Grosvenor square, and the peasant, by the written directions on the basket, was enabled to find her house without much difficulty. Having told his errand at the door, to the porter, he was shortly after desired to step up stairs with his basket of fruit. On the first landing-place he was accosted by three large monkies. Two of them of the male sex  
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were richly dressed in blue and gold; had bag-wigs, ruffles, and swords by their sides. The other, a female, was distinguished by her brocade petticoat, crimson silk mantua, two or three pair, thick set together, of long laced ruffles, a stomacher curiously ornamented with brilliant stones, a watch hanging by her side, a tête highly finished by a French friseur, and a cap in the modern taste, with a gaudy assortment of ribbon. As they grinned and cringed to the countryman, laying hold at the same time of his basket, he let it down to them; and not knowing what animals they were, or not distinguishing them immediately from the human species, he took off his hat to them with all the politeness he was master of, and made them several rustic bows. The monkies during his obeisances had made quick work of it, unpacking and rifling the basket. Some of the peaches they had crammed into their pockets, others they had eaten, and others they threw again into the basket after biting them; so that when they had played their farce to the full, they all three scampered down stairs. The lady wondering what should detain the peasant, dispatched her waiting-woman to hasten his coming. When he had presented his basket, What's the matter here? said the lady in a passion; every thing quite discomposed, the peaches bruised and mangled, and the basket scarce half full; sure  
the

the fellow for his impudence deserves to be put in the stocks! Waunds, madam, replied the countryman, the basket was brimming full, and not a finger laid upon a peach, till the two young gentlemen, your sons, and miss, your daughter, had met me on the stairs, and left it in the condition you see it. The lady then recollecting the monkeys, Ah! said she, I can't be angry; it is a trick of the dear creatures, Jack, Tom and Margot; but for the footman, who should have conducted you up stairs, I will discharge him this moment.

AN Irishman hearing of a murder that was lately committed, asked, where does the man *live*? On the company's laughing at the question, he answered in an angry tone, by Jafus, gentlemen, I mean where does the man *live* that was *killed*?

THE following inscription is on a tomb stone in Lawrance-Ledcard church yard, in the county of Somerset: 'The man who rests in this grave has had eight wives, by whom he had forty-five children, and twenty grand-children. He was born rich, lived and died poor, aged ninety-four, July the 30th, 1764, born at Bewdly in Worcestershire, 1650.'

ZELIM, the first of the Ottoman emperors that shaved his beard, his predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his bashas, why he altered the custom of his predecessors?

deceffors? answered, Because you bashas shall not lead me by the beard as you did them

A CERTAIN *Teaguelander* being upon a journey, in his way, chanced to light on a small pig; says he to the pig, *Little pig wilt thou come and live wid me a month.* The pig cried, a-week, a-week, a-week, a-week, four times: *Den bee Chrecksot*, says Mac, *dat isb a month, for four weeks make a month:* but poor Mac was taken up for stealing the pig, and carried before a justice, to whom he made this defence, *Mr. Justice, on mee sbalvasbion, de pig did promise to live wid me a month, but if de man will have him sooner, here is de pig for him.*

QUEEN Elizabeth having taken notice of the duke de Villa Medina's gallant behaviour at a tournament, told him one day, that she would absolutely know who his mistress was: Villa Medina excused himself a while, but at last yielding to her curiosity, he promised to send her her picture. The next morning he sent her a packet; wherein the queen finding nothing but a small looking glass, presently understood the Spaniard's meaning.

A BUSY impertinent, entertaining Aristotle the philosopher with a tedious discourse, and observing he did not much regard him, made an apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No indeed*, replied the philosopher, *for I have not heard one word you have said.*

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THE duke of——asked a friend, who he thought had undertaken the most difficult task, Mr. W—st—n, in his attempt to find out the *Longitude*, or Mr. Lisle, in his attempt to find out the *philosopher's stone*? The friend answered, he could not tell which was the most arduous work of the two, but he was sure he himself had engaged in a more difficult affair than either of them. What is that, said his grace? *Why I have been these six years endeavouring to prevail with you to pay your debts.*

ONE telling his friend he was a cuckold——*If I had no known it, replied he, I should have been angry with you for telling me so't.*

KING William having either chosen, or actually taken this motto for his state coach, *non rapui, sed recipi, I have not stole, but I received*, alluding to his being called to the throne by the people, and to clear himself from the scandal of usurpation, it was told to one of the opposite party, *and what, says the informer, do you think the prince of Orange has taken for the motto to his coach? Dutch cheese*, perhaps, cries the Jacobite. *No*, answers his friend, but *non rapui sed recipi*. Well, answered the other, *there's an old proverb which says, the receiver's as bad as the thief.*

THE scholars of Trinity College, Dublin, had, in a merry humour, invited themselves one night to supper with the celebrated Dean  
Swift



Swift; he received them with great civility; but to their surprise, supper was brought up before they could imagine it was ready. The dishes were all covered, and the Dean being seated, *Come, gentlemen,* said he, *uncover;* they did, and found the dishes contained nothing but ragouts of old books; at which, though perhaps not well pleased, they forced their faces into a grin of complaisance, as admiring the Dean's wit, not doubting to be sure but the second would make amends for the insipidity of the first. But here also they were disappointed; for the second course making its appearance, and they uncovering the dishes as they had done before, nothing was found but salt. *There,* said the Dean, *is a feast for Plato; there is Attic salt for you; indulge, indulge.* The second course being removed, in came the third, which consisted of plates covered, in number tallying with the guests: each uncovering his plate found half-a-crown. Some took them up, others left them; and thus ended the entertainment, the Dean ushering his guests to the door in the waiter's phrase, *Kindly welcome, gentlemen.*

A GOOD woman bringing an infant to church to be christened, the parson taking the boy in his arms, desired to know what he should call it; *Lord bless you, Sir, any thing, so it be but a scripture name:* *Nay, but mistress,* said the

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## DEMOCRITUS. 11

the doctor, *it is necessary you should tell me why then,* replied the woman, after some pause, *an't please your Reverence, call it, ay, call it Belzebub.*

AN Irish footman was packing up his master's cloaths and some other things, but putting them down all in the middle, they arose above the edge of the trunk, so that he could not shut over the cover, while the sides and corners were almost empty; *pugh, the devil hang the trunk,* said he, *upon my soul I have put more into the trunk than it will hold, and it is not full yet.*

A PERSON seeing a very bad picture, observed that it might be worshipped without any breach of the second commandment; and being desired to give his reason for it, he answered, *because it was like nothing that is in heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.*

A FRENCH prisoner of some distinction being at Portsmouth, went out of curiosity one Sunday morning to church, where the then mayor's two daughters (very fine girls) were; *Begar,* said he, when he came home, *two ver fine young Ladies were at chorch dis morning.* Who were they? demanded his landlady; *begar,* answered he, *I forgot de names, but what be dat thing that nibby, nibby de grass?* *Oh,* said his landlady, *a cow;* *Non, non,* cried the Frenchman; *A sheep, perhaps,* said she; *non. A bull;*

*non. Perhaps then you mean a horse; non, non; begar, what be the horse's wife's name? Oh, a mare, answered the landlady; ay, ay, a mayor; de mayor's two daughters were at chorch, dis morning; two ver pretty young ladies, begar, dey made water in my mout.*

It is a custom frequent among the dissenting ministers, when they catch any one sleeping in their meeting-houses, to cry out, "There is no sleeping in hell, there is no sleeping in hell." One Sunday afternoon a holderforth espying a sheep of the fold nodding, immediately began to bellow out the usual exclamation, when the lay-brother starting up, roared out as loud as his reverence, No sleeping in hell, quoth a, "by G—d, then it is because there are no such preachers as you there."

A QUAKER, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes; Yea and Nay went to him and demanded the reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never dealings with him in his whole life. "Why, says the parson, for preaching in the church." "Alas! then, replied the Quaker, I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there." "Oh! but you might, says the parson, for the doors are always open at convenient times." And thereupon he told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and Nay hereupon shak'd his ears, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately

mediately entered his action (it being a corporation-town) against the parson for forty shillings: The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such a disgrace upon him? and for what he did owe him the money? "Truly, friend, replied the Quaker, for trimming." "For trimming, said the parson; Why, I was never trimmed by you in my life." "Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou hadst pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well thine."

DEAN Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the judges, and having in his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he had bore a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they know in their consciences to be wrong; when dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister who happened to be present, took occasion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both sides, the counsellor at last asked him, "If the devil were to die whether a parson might not be found for money to preach his funeral sermon?" "Yes, said Swift, and I would gladly be the man, for I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his children."

A WELCH vicar being to read the curses (as the custom is) upon Ash-Wednesday, and the people to say Amen, turning over the leaf, and finding them to be many, said, " Dearly beloved brethren, I am to read a great many curses to you, but because I am loth to trouble myself and your patience, I will end them all in one: The curse of God light upon you all. Amen."

THE late earl of S—— kept an Irish footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain judge, the judge in return sent my lord half a dozen of live partridges, with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they flew away. Oh! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my lord read the letter, Why, Teague, said my lord, I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter. Now, arrah, dear honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are lost out of the basket.

AN Irish lawyer had a client of his own country, who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married again  
in



in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her : and coming to advise with the counsellor, told him, he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. Arrah, by my shoul, but that shall be impossible, said the other; for my ship-mates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and shan't return these twelvemonths. " Oh then, answered the counsellor, there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, because you cannot prove yourself alive."

Two widows sitting by a fire, were chattering together about their dead husbands: and one said, Let us have another candle, for my poor husband loved light; God send him light everlasting; and said the other, Let us stir up the fire, my husband loved fire; I wish him fire everlasting.

A TRAVELLER relating some of his adventures, told the company, that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabians run: which startling them, he observed, that there was no such great matter in it; for, says he, we run, and they run after us.

A JUDGE upon the bench, asked an old man what age he was? I am eight and four-score, my lord, says he; and why not four-score and eight? says the judge; because, says he, I was eight before I was four-score.

A PARSON, in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. viii. verse 14. "And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," preached for three Sundays together on the same subject. Soon after two country fellows going across the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one asked the other, who it was for? "Nay, I cannot tell; perhaps, replied he, it is for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks."

A CHANDLER having had some candles stole, one bid him be of good cheer; "for in a short time, says he, I am confident, they'll all come to light."

A VERY modest young gentleman of the county of Tipperary having attempted many ways in vain, to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him thence, by throwing stones at him. Oh! my friend, says one of his companions, your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus; for it draws the very stones about you.

A COL-



A COLLECTION of RIDDLES.

**I**'M thick, I'm thin, I'm short and long,  
 And lov'd alike by old and young :  
 I make diseases, and I heal,  
 And know what I shall ne'er reveal.  
 The fairest virgin, fraught with pride,  
 No beauty from my view can hide.  
 I rack the miser, cure the sot,  
 And make, and oft' detect a plot ;  
 No lover, that would happy be,  
 Desires his mistress more than me :  
 Yet tho' a thousand charms I have,  
 Next step from me is to the grave.

Answer, a Bed.

**M**Y birth is mean, my bulk is small,  
 Yet by my pow'r high buildings fall.  
 I speak loud, yet want a tongue ;  
 Not Sampson's arm was half so strong ;  
 Like him, no gates my progress stay,  
 And by my death I thousands slay ;  
 I seldom wound 'till I am dead,  
 And, e'er I win the field, am fled.  
 No feet I have, yet swiftly run,  
 And never speak till I'm undone.

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With

With clouds the troubled air I fill,  
 And seldom touch the wretch I kill :  
 Note, by my habit you would swear  
 That I some country parson were ;  
 But when I take my soldier's hue,  
 My colours then are red and blue.

Answer, Gun-powder.

**I**N a small cell I live that is arch'd over head,  
 Not with stone, brick, or plaister, wood,  
 silver or lead ;  
 I am grateful to all, from the clown to the  
 prince,  
 Yet excepting my feeling I want ev'ry sense.  
 Tho' sometimes in dainties and wealth I a-  
 bound,  
 I'm sometimes so poor that I lie on the ground ;  
 No liquor or food in my house to be found. }  
 I travel as well by night as by day,  
 And am seldom or never found out of my way.  
 If you touch but my door, tho' I can't see or hear,  
 (As already I've said) yet I know you are there.  
 I strait make all fast, and will open to none ;  
 For to open my door when with force you con-  
 trive,  
 I'm turn'd out of doors, robb'd and buried alive.

Answer, an Oyster.

**I** Know 'a lady young and fair,  
 That has a thing o'er-grown with hair,  
 With

With which she takes delight in bed,  
And dearly loves to have it fed.

Answer, a Lady's Lap-dog.

**I**'M in ev'ry one's way, yet no Christian I stop,  
My four horns ev'ry day  
Horizontally play,  
And my head is nail'd down at the top.

Answer, a Turnstile.

**R**EADER, it is my fate to be  
A slave to one who wears my livery,  
A person of vile character; in brief,  
A noted sabbath-breaker and a thief.  
In sawcy manner he has often said,  
He once did entertain a crowned head.  
No wonder then, you hear him oft complain,  
Whilst I'm at work the rascal to maintain.  
He takes his pleasures and he lolls at ease,  
But takes due care my labour shall not cease;  
With endless tasks he keeps me still employ'd,  
As if my strength could never be destroy'd.  
But constant toil disorders inward breed,  
And wears my constitution out with speed;  
My bowels (sure prognostic of decay!)  
With wind or water rumble night and day:  
My thirst is sometimes so intense, that I  
(You'd almost swear) would drink a river dry



And what is more remarkable, is this,  
 As often as I drink, so oft I piss.  
 And tho' I make large meals, I'm never sick  
 At stomach, my discharges are so quick.  
 Then what is my disease, perhaps you'll query,  
 A diabetes, or a lientery;  
 Alas! too sure, 'tis both in complication;  
 My drink runs thro' me without alteration.  
 And what I eat it does me little good,  
 For why? My excrements are perfect food.  
 And therefore 'tis become a common rule,  
 To watch me well whenever I go to stool.

Answer, a Corn-mill.

**W**HAT's that in which good house-  
 wives take delight?  
 Which, tho' it has no legs, will stand upright.  
 'Tis often us'd, both sexes must agree,  
 Beneath the navel, yet above the knee.  
 At th' end it has a hole; 'tis stiff and strong,  
 Thick as a maiden's wrist, and pretty long.  
 To a soft place 'tis very oft apply'd,  
 And makes the thing 'tis us'd to still more  
 wide;  
 The women love to wriggle it to and fro,  
 That what lies under may the wider grow.  
 By giddy fluts sometimes it is abus'd,  
 But by good housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,  
 That

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That it may fitter for their purpose be,  
When they to occupy the same are free.  
Now tell me, merry ladies, if you can,  
What this must be, that is no part of man.

Answer, a Rolling Pin.

**W**ITHOUT edge it cuts, without  
tongue it sings;  
Foams without anger; and flies without wings.

Answer, Bottled Ale.

**I**Daily breathe, yet have no life,  
And kindle feuds, yet cause no strife.

Answer, a Pair of Bellows.

**A**HEAD and body large I have,  
Stomach and bowels too,  
One winding gut of mighty length,  
Where all my food goes through,  
But what's more strange, my food I take  
In at the lower end,  
And all, just like a drunken rake,  
Out at my mouth I send.

Answer, a Pump.

**W**HAT force and strength could not  
get through,  
I with a gentle touch can do;

F 3

And

And many in the street would stand,  
Were I not as a friend at hand.

Answer, a Key.

**W**ITH a badge on my back,  
Of red, orange, and black,  
I travel the nation all over,  
And however abus'd,  
Without violence us'd,  
Will never my bus'ness discover;  
I'm of service to state,  
To the poor and the great,  
To the tradesman, mechanic and beau;  
Some of whom I attend  
Every day as a friend,  
But to others bring sorrow and woe.  
All kindly receive me,  
And would you believe me,  
Scarce ever refuse me to pay;  
For whoever does this,  
Take it well or amiss,  
With him not a moment I stay.

Answer, a Letter.

**M**Y proper title I forsake,  
And often that of others take:  
Sometimes a king in stately pride,  
With lofty majesty I stride;

Sometimes

Sometimes with sprightly nymphs and swains,  
I trip it o'er the flow'ry plains;  
Sometimes I fleet aloft in air,  
And oftentimes quite disappear;  
In various shapes I'm known to be,  
And children often start at me.

Answer, a Shadow.

**L**EGS have I got, yet seldom do I walk;  
I back-bite many, yet I never talk:  
In secret places most I seek to hide me,  
For he who feeds me never can abide me.

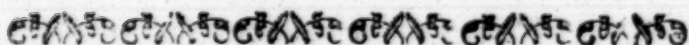
Answer, a Flea.

**T**HE staff of life my parent was,  
Earth was my natural bed,  
By slow degrees my strength increas'd,  
'Till plenty crown'd my head.  
Of all that plenty, earthly spoil'd,  
An useless length I lay,  
'Till art perceiv'd my virtuous power,  
And pav'd my fortune's way.  
Now honour'd by the lovely maid,  
Thro' sylvan scenes I rove;  
With her to pulsing streams I stray,  
With her I seek the grove.  
Her beauty's bloom, 'tis I preserve,  
When grateful for her favour,

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Her temples I with joy surround,  
And from the sun-beams save her.

Answer, a Straw Hat.



EPICRAMS, REPARTES, &c.

*The world.*

**T**HIS world is the best that we live in,  
To lend, and to spend, and to give in ;  
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,  
It is the worst world that ever was known.

*On a pack of cards.*

**H**ENCE, ye deluding, subtle, painted foes ;  
Back to the devil, whence ye first arose :  
A *pack* of you, scarce worth a single groat,  
Have thousands, oft e'er now, reduc'd to  
nought !

*Women* with you do pass loose time away ;  
You, who no less inconstant are than they :  
Ye rob men's days of bus'ness and delights,  
Of sweet and precious sleep, ye rob their nights ;  
In short, whatever game is play'd with you,  
Knives commonly have got the most to do.

*The*



*The fortunate sailor.*

**H**ONEST Jack and his wife once to sea  
 took a trip,  
 When a sudden cross wind overset the light  
 ship,  
 Hand-in-hand over deck went this couple toge-  
 ther,  
 Susan sunk like a stone, and Jack swam like a  
 feather;  
 Thank my stars! says the man (safe escap'd  
 from the flood)  
 'Tis a bad wind indeed that blows nobody good.

*The mouse.*

**A** Little mouse, as from the cat it got,  
 With fear ran up Miranda's petticoat:  
 The fair half mad----'your hand up higher  
 slip!  
 The little devil's got upon my hip!--  
 I, swift as thought, to her assistance flew,  
 And by the tail the mouse from under drew:  
 Officious fool!--what have I gather'd thence?  
 She ne'er would bear me in her presence since.

*To a sempstress.*

**O**H! what bosom but must yield,  
 When, like Pallas, you advance,  
 With a thimble for your shield,  
 And a needle for your lance?  
 Fairest of the stitching train,  
 Ease my passion by your art;  
 And in pity to my pain,  
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

*On seeing a young lady accidentally break a glass.  
 By her brother.*

**S**EE, sister, in this shatter'd glass  
 The fate of many a pretty lass:  
 Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,  
 Is apt to slip, is apt to break:  
 Therefore, guide every step with caution,  
 For just like glass is reputation!  
 Both broke to pieces in once falling,  
 For ever lost, and past recalling.

*The charitable fair one.*

**B**ELINDA has such wond'rous charms,  
 'Tis heaven to lie within her arms;  
 And she's so charitably given,  
 She wishes all mankind in heaven.

*On*

*On Love.*

**L**OVE is begot by fancy, bred  
By ignorance, by expectation fed ;  
Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,  
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

*Wrote by a traveller on the window of a thatched cot.*

**S**TAY traveller, and tho' within  
Nor gold, nor glitt'ring gems are seen  
To strike the ravish'd eye ;  
Yet enter, and the well-pleas'd mind  
Beneath this humble roof shall find  
What gold can never buy.  
Within this solitary cell  
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,  
Parents of bliss sincere :  
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,  
And banish'd from the courts of kings,  
Has fix'd her mansions here.

*On Cloe.*

**B**Right as the day, and as the morning  
fair,  
Such Cloe is——and common as the air.

*Truth told at last.*

**S**AYS Colin in rage, contradicting his wife,  
'You never told me one truth in your  
life.'

Vex'd Fanny no way could his thesis allow ;  
You're a cuckold, says she, do I tell you truth  
now?

*Thomas's Courtship.*

**T**Homas in High-Dutch once did court a  
wench,  
And to his cost, she answer'd him in French.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**'T**IS said, when first resistless love  
To cast his darts began,  
He turn'd his skill and power, to prove  
Great Jove into a swan.  
Experience now can fairly shew,  
That still the wedding noose,  
Whether the passion's false or true,  
Oft makes a man a goose.

*Wrote by a lady in her prayer-book.*

**O**FT on my knees at church been I've been,  
One pray'r my first and last ;—

A

A husband is the thing I mean,  
Good lord ! I am in haste.

*On a man's choice whether he would be hanged  
or married. By the Earl of Rochester.*

**L**O ! here's the bride, and there's the tree,  
Take which of these best liketh thee.  
The bargain's bad on either part ;  
The woman's worst ;——drive on the cart.  
Were women little as they're good,  
A peascod would make them gown and hood.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**S**Carce had five months expir'd since Ralph  
did wed,  
When lo ! his fruitful wife was brought to bed.  
How now, quoth Ralph—this is too soon, my  
Kate ?  
No, Ralph, quoth she—you marry'd me too  
late.

*Celia's complaint. An Epigram.*

**A**S Celia once to Damon did confess  
Her husband's impotence, and ask'd re-  
dress :

Young



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Young Damon answer'd—Cuckold him, my  
 dear,  
 Such worthless apes should horns for ever wear.  
 To which the nymph reply'd, with graceful  
 ease,  
 Ah ! Sir, I can't— but you may if you please.

*An epigram on bad dancers to good music.*

**I**N vain Apollo wakes the sounding lyre,  
 And from dead embers calls the living fire ;  
 While fools, unguided by the tuneful sound,  
 In aukward measures dance the mazy round :  
 Thus Orpheus sung : and thus the beasts obey'd,  
 Mov'd in such order to the tunes he play'd.

*King James coming to the house of Sir-----Pope,  
 Kt. when his lady was lately delivered of a  
 daughter, was presented with a paper, con-  
 taining the following verses :*

**S**EE, this little mistress here,  
 Did never sit in Peter's chair,  
 Or a triple crown did wear,  
 And yet she is a Pope——

No benefice she ever sold,  
 Nor did dispense with sins for gold ;  
 She hardly is a sevensnight old,  
 And yet she is a Pope——

No

No king her feet did ever kiss,  
Or had from her worse look than this,  
Nor did she ever hope,  
And yet she is a Pope——

A female Pope, you'll say, a second Joan,  
No, sure, she is Pope innocent or none,  
To faint one with a rope,  
And yet she is a Pope.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**A**S Philo's wife lay dead, to calm his grief,  
He to Clarinda flies, and finds relief;  
She too was crying on her husband's score;  
*He's dead! he's gone! alas! he is no more.*  
Since they are dead, poor souls! he, Philo,  
cries,  
'Twill be in vain to grieve, come, dry your  
eyes;  
Our care is just the same, away with sorrow,  
One day's enough for that, we'll wed to-morrow.

*Written by Dr. Swift on his own deafness.*

**D**EAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my friends a burden grown;  
No more I hear my church's bell,  
Than if it rang out for my knell:  
At thunder now no more I start,  
Than at the rumbling of a cart:

Nay,

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Nay, what's incredible, alack!  
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

*A real case.*

**A**WIT told Celia, that the fair  
In fame resembled China ware.  
Indeed! says she---well, if we do,  
I've had this dish years twenty two.  
To prove its strength, she took it up,  
And whilst she prais'd it, crack'd the cup.

*On Money. An Epigram.*

**M**oney, 'tis said, is evil's root,  
Yet justly may we doubt it;  
Can we expect good thriving fruit  
From any stock without it?

*The maiden's disappointment. By Lord Rochef-  
ter.*

**O**NE night as I lay slumb'ring in my bed,  
Having nought with me but my maid-  
enhead,  
Methought a gallant came, as gallants they can  
do  
Much with young ladies, and with old ones  
too:  
He woo'd, he su'd, at last he sped;  
Marry'd methought we were, and both in bed.  
He

He rous'd, turn'd up---with that I squeak'd,  
Blush'd, and cry'd Oh! and so awak'd.  
It would have vex'd a faint, when flesh did  
burn,

To be so near, and miss so good a turn.  
Oh! cruel dream! why did you deceive }  
me? [me, ]  
To shew me heaven, and then in hell to leave }  
Or else to shew me what you ne'er design'd }  
to give me. }

*On Marriage.*

**M**Arriage is a country dance,  
Where unthinking man and wife,  
Who at first have met by chance,  
Soon are partners fix'd for life,  
Crossing fist, they figuring meet,  
Hands with eager pressure take;  
Falling off, to others set;  
And conclude with back to back.

*Resignation an excellent virtue.*

**R**ichard o' th' green, grown old and very  
poor,  
For Sunday's change had but the shirt he wore,  
Wakes, fairs, or markets, or whatever came,  
He wore the linen turn'd, but still the same.  
Whene'er

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Whene'er 'twas wash'd, or when a bleaching  
spread,  
He stript to buff, and lay the while in bed.  
At last, as drying in the sun-shine laid,  
Some thief, that made no conscience of his trade,  
A faithless trimbrush, who ne'er fail'd the sport,  
Skulk'd slyly by, and stole away the shirt.  
The good old wife scream'd out aloud, undone !  
O husband ! Gaffer ! O thy shirt is gone !  
He cries in bed---Peace, fool, is that such news ?  
Those that have something, they must some-  
thing lose.

*The afflicted Parson.*

**A** Cornish vicar while he preach'd,  
Of patient Job did speak,  
Found to his grief, when he came home,  
His cask had sprung a leak.  
Enrag'd !—his wife did then advise,  
Job, for a pattern chuse :  
But Job, he said, had never such  
A tub of ale to lose.

*Vulcan a Bankrupt.*

**T**OM Sledge the blacksmith, by his fre-  
quent whets,  
And spending much, contracted many debts.

In



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In this distress, he, like some other fools,  
Pull'd down his forge, and sold off all his tools ;  
Nothing was left that would fetch any price,  
But after all was sold, he kept his *vice*.

*On a gentleman at an assembly where they drew  
lots for partners.*

**P**ETER the witty does declare,  
He'll dance with none but what are fair ;  
And should he draw an ugly dame,  
He'd sacrifice her to the flame.  
But now, to give the D—l his due,  
Suppose the ladies should resolve like you,  
And vow they never would dispense  
Their favours but to men of sense ;  
And not to trip it but with those  
Who are as handsome as their cloaths :  
Should they do this—Well, Sir, what then ?  
Why, Sir, you'd never dance again.

*The Tippling Philosopher.*

**T**OM, studious all the morning, thinks,  
And all the afternoon he drinks ;  
A dry way sure is his of thinking,  
Which can require such after-drinking.

*On*

*On an ugly woman in the dark.*

**W**Hilst in the dark on thy soft hand I  
 hung,  
 And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue,  
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I en-  
 dur'd!  
 But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

*The Robber robbed.*

**A** Certain priest had hoarded up  
 A mass of secret gold;  
 And, where he might bestow it safe,  
 He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his thought  
 To lock it in a chest,  
 Within the chancel; and he wrote  
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind  
 Did long for such a prey,  
 Respecting not the sacred words,  
 That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotting out  
 The priest's inscript, thereon  
 Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic;*  
 Your god is rose, and gone.

*The*

*The Lout looking for his heifer. A tale.*

**I**T so befel,--a filly swain  
 Had sought his heifer long in vain:  
 For wanton, she had frisking stray'd,  
 And left the lawn to seek the shade.  
 Around the plain he rolls his eyes,  
 Then to the wood, in haste he hies;  
 Where singling out the tallest tree,  
 He climbs in hopes to hear or see.

ANON, there chanc'd that way to pass  
 A jolly lad and buxom lass:  
 The place was apt, the pastime pleasant;  
 Occasion with her forelock present:  
 The girl agog, the gallant ready;  
 So lightly down he lays my lady;  
 But so she turn'd, or so was laid,  
 That she some certain charms display'd,  
 Which with such wonder struck his sight,  
 (With wonder much; more with delight)  
 That loud he cry'd, in rapture, What!  
 What see I, gods! what see I not!  
 But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,  
 'Twas more than well could be express'd.

THE clown aloft, who lent an ear,  
 Strait stopt him short in mid career:  
 And louder cry'g, *Ho! honest friend,*  
*That of thy seeing seest no end;*

*Dost*

*Dost see the heifer that I seek?  
If dost, pray be so kind as speak.*

*The disappointed husband.*

**A** Scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,  
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now  
at rest.

Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black,  
And all their cheer was sugar-rolls and sack;  
Two mourning staves stood centry at the door,  
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.

The cloaks and tears and handkerchiefs prepar'd,  
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-  
yard.

When, see of narrow streets what mischiefs  
come!

The very dead can't pass in quiet home.  
By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,  
And madam from her dream of death awoke.  
Now all was spoil'd! the undertaker's pay,  
Sour faces, cakes, and wine quite thrown away.  
But some years after, when the former scene  
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,  
The tender husband took especial care  
To keep the passage from disturbance clear;  
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,  
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

*The*

*The captain and sailor. A tale.*

AS John the sailor, and his lass,  
One morn were tripping o'er the grass,  
'To gather white-thorn, as they say,  
It being on the first of May,  
They did a jolly captain meet,  
And courteously each other greet.  
First John the sailor touch'd his hat,  
The captain bow'd, began to chat;  
Saying, John, pray how came this to pass,  
Where pick'd you up this comely lass,  
With rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,  
Those snowy breasts that fall and rise,  
'Tempting to some more secret bliss?  
Oh! John, I must,—must have a kiss;  
And you, whene'er you meet my dame,  
Shall welcome be to do the same.

Now, some days after, being fair,  
The captain walk'd to take the air;  
Led in his hand his comely bride,  
Which luckily young Johnny spy'd;  
And bowing said, Sir, you know what,  
I hope you ha'n't your word forgot?  
No, John (he answer'd) by my life,  
'Tis your turn now,---see here's my wife.  
John smiling, cock'd his hat aside,  
And boldly kiss'd the captain's bride,  
Crying, ye gods! I'd give a crown,  
Had he but laid my Nancy down.

What



What then (quoth madam) would you do?  
Why we'd have had a tumble too.

*The law-suit.*

**T**WO parties had a difference, and the  
cause  
Did come to be decided by the laws:  
The bribing plaintiff did the judge present  
With a new coach, t'other, with same intent,  
Gives him two horses; each with like design,  
To make the judge to his own side incline.  
The cause being try'd, the plaintiff's over-  
thrown;  
O coach, said he, thou art the wrong way gone!  
The judge reply'd, It cannot but be so;  
For where his horses draw, your coach must go.

*Giles Jolt and his cart.*

**G**ILES Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,  
Some pilf'ring villain stole his team a-  
way;  
Giles wakes and cries, What's here? a-dickins,  
what!  
Why how now--- Am I Giles, or am I not?  
If he--I've lost six geldings to my smart;  
If not---Oddsbuddikins, I've found a cart.

*The*

*The best cure for Love.*

**O**F two reliefs, to cure a love-sick mind,  
 Flavia prescribes despair ; I urge be kind.  
 Flavia be kind ; The remedy's as sure,  
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

*To Charinus, an ugly woman's husband.*

**C**HARINUS, 'twas my hap of late,  
 To have a sight of thy dear mate ;  
 So white, so flourishing, so fair,  
 So trim, so modest, debonnair ;  
 That if good Jove wou'd grant to me  
 A lease of beauties, such as she,  
 I'd give the devil, at one word,  
 Two, that he'd take away the third.

*A lame Beggar.*

**I** Am unable, yonder beggar cries,  
 To stand or move ; if he says true, he lies.

*On a hasty Marriage.*

**M**Arried ! 'tis well ! a mighty blessing !  
 But poor's the joy, no coin possessing !  
 In ancient times, when folk did wed,  
 'Twas to be one at board and bed ;  
 But hard's his case, who can't afford,  
 His charmer either bed or board.

*The real affliction.*

**D**ORIS, a widow past her prime,  
 Her spouse long dead, wailing doubles.  
 Her real griefs increase by time,  
 And what abates, improves her troubles.  
 Those pangs her prudent hopes suppress'd,  
 Impatient now she cannot smother:  
 How should the helpless woman rest?  
 One's gone;—nor can she find another.

*Grace after Meat; spoken extempore by a gentleman at the table of a Miser, who, once in his life, made a sumptuous entertainment.*

**T**Hanks for the miracle, for 'tis no less  
 Than to eat manna in the wilderness;  
 Where hunger reign'd, there we have found  
 relief,  
 And seen the wonder of a chine of beef.  
 Chimnies have smoak'd that neyer smoak'd  
 before,  
 And we have eat where we shall eat no more.

*On Sir Marmaduke Wyvill's receiving three letters by the same post, advising of the death of his mistress, his wife, and his horse.*

**I**'VE lost my mistress, horse and wife;  
 But when I think on human life,

I'm

I'm glad it is no worse.  
My wife was ugly, and a scold;  
My mistress was grown lean, and old;  
I'm sorry for my horse.

*The WISH. By a young Lady.*

I Ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,  
Nor wealth, nor pompous titles will I have;  
But since 'tis doom'd thro' all degrees of life,  
Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife,  
That females should the stronger males obey,  
And yield implicit to their lordly sway;  
Since this, I say, is woman's fate,  
Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.

S Y L V I A.

CRIES Sylvia to a rev'rend dean,  
What reason can be given,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
That there is none in heaven?  
There are no women, he reply'd;  
She quick returns the jest—  
Women there are, but I'm afraid  
They cannot find a priest.

G 2

*On*

*On the derivation of the word News.*

**T**HE word explains itself without the Muse,  
And the four letters speak whence come  
the news :

From North, East, West, and South, solution's  
made,

Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

*On the marriage of Miss LAMB to Mr. LION,  
who from a great rake became a good husband.*

**T**HAT love works miracles we find ;  
Lo ! this event discovers ;

An union of amazing kind !

Who thought they'd e'er be lovers ?

Posterity will think it strange,

Believe it all a sham,

When they are told the mighty change,

That Lion sports with Lamb.

Farther—how wond'rous 'twill appear,

Which may well say fie on,

When they with truth this story hear,

A Lamb has tam'd a Lion.

*The various Humours of Mankind.*

**G**IVE me a charming lass, young Rakish  
cries,

I know no happiness, but love's sweet joys,

Give



Give me the bottle, says the red-fac'd sot,  
 Damn whores, they are not worth a single pot.  
 For flights and similes the poet raves;  
 The learn'd philosopher true knowlege craves;  
 The parson for a benefice lays wait;  
 The proud man covets to be rich and great.  
 The lover courts to gain a blisful spot,  
 And nice Sir Courtly wants—he knows not  
 what,  
 The seldier loves to conquer, when he fights,  
 And in the plunder of the town delights.  
 The lustful matron seeks a strong gallant,  
 The ripe young virgin does a husband want.  
 But I, poor I, want ev'ry thing by turns,  
 Except a scolding wife, and cuckold's horns.

*Spoken extempore by a Seaman on his Comrade,  
 that was shot in an engagement, and flung  
 over-board.*

**I**Ntomb'd within a liquid wave,  
 Lies honest Philip, once so brave:  
 Such men as him the king has need of,  
 Pox take the ball that shot his head off!  
 And sent at once his brawny crupper,  
 To give some greedy shark a supper.  
 Fire! my lads, by all that's good,  
 We'll fight till we revenge his blood!  
 It never shall be said but we,  
 To one we lose, will knock down three.

*On a Lady who was handsome and very kind.*

**C**HLOE's the wonder of her sex,  
 'Tis well her heart is tender;  
 How might such killing eyes perplex,  
 With virtue to defend her!  
 But nature, graciously inclin'd,  
 Not bent to vex, but please us,  
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd  
 A boundless will to please us.

*Two Millers of Manchester wanting all the inhabitants to grind corn at their mill, though they were not able to supply the town, occasioned the following lines. By Mr. Byron.*

**B**ONE and Skin, two millers thin,  
 Would starve us all, or near it,  
 But be it known to Skin and Bone,  
 That flesh and blood can't bear it.

*On an old maid's Marriage.*

*By Mr. Jonas Rolfe.*

**C**ELIA, a coquet in her prime,  
 The vainest sickliest thing alive;  
 Behold the strange effects of time!  
 Marries and doats at forty-five.

Thus

Thus weather-cocks who for a while  
Have turn'd about with every blast;  
Grown old and destitute of oil,  
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

*On a Welchman.*

**A** Welchman coming late into an inn,  
Ask'd the maid what meat there was  
within?  
Cow heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mut-  
ton:  
But, quoth the Welchman, since I am no glut-  
ton,  
Either of these shall serve; to-night the breast,  
The heels i' the morning, then light meat is  
best;  
At night he took the breast, and did not pay,  
I' th' morning took his *heels*, and ran away.

EPICRAM, *from the* FRENCH.

**A** Man that was blind, in an ev'ning quite  
dark,  
Having pitcher and lanthorn, was ask'd by a  
*Spark*,  
Who thought to have jeer'd him, the use o' the  
light,  
Since sun-shine or candle to him were as night?

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The poor man thus answer'd, "*The end I've in  
view,*  
"Is to save *me* and *pitcher* from *ninnies* like  
*you.*"

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Damon to Chloe, I live on your  
smiles,  
Your presence alone all my sorrows beguiles;  
Says Chloe to Damon, ('tis true tho' in rhyme)  
You live *very cheap* at this *very dear time.*

THE HONEST CONFESSION.

IT happen'd in a healthful year,  
(Which made provision very dear,  
And physic mighty cheap :)  
A Doctor, sore oppress'd with want,  
On business turning out so scant,  
Was one day seen to weep.  
A neighbour ask'd him why so sad,  
And hop'd no dangerous illness had  
To any friend beset.——  
O Lord! you quite mistake the case,  
(Quoth Blister) Sir, this rueful face  
Is 'cause my friends are well.

*On a Gentleman who died a day after his lady.*

THE first departed; he for one day try'd  
To live without her; lik'd it not and dy'd.

*Pinned*

*Pinned to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to do  
Penance in the Church.*

**H**ERE stand I, for whores as great  
To cast a scornful eye on;  
Shou'd each whore here be doom'd a sheet,  
You'd soon want one to lie on.

EPIGRAM.

**N**ATURE's chief gifts unequally are carv'd,  
She surfeits some, while many more are  
starv'd.

Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before  
Was common good is now made private store:  
Nothing that's good we have among us com-  
mon:

But all enjoy that common ill—a WOMAN.

*An EPIGRAM on two spiteful Brothers.*

**W**ITH sobbing voice, upon his death-  
bed sick,  
Thus to his brother spake expiring Dick;  
"Tho' during—all my life—in poverty,—  
Thou never—Neddy, shew'd'st—concern for  
me—



I hope thou wilt—take care—when I am dead—  
To see me bury'd." "That I will," quoth Ned,  
"We'll lay thee deep enough, Dick, never  
fear,

Thou shalt no longer be a nuisance here :  
And, as a fit memorial on thy grave,  
I'll write this epitaph, *Here lies a Knave.*"

THIS sting pierc'd deep ; and keen surpriz-  
ing pain,  
Call'd Dick's departing spirit back again !  
Sarcasm so bitter would not let him die,  
'Tis thus he made as bitter a reply :  
"And when thou shalt be laid by me, dear  
brother,  
Some friend, I hope will write, *Here lies a-  
nother.*"

#### THE DANCERS.

**A**T a dancing one night, Sir,—I happen'd  
to be,

Such skipping and hopping was there ;  
The old women as blyth as young girls of  
fifteen,

Such fun I ne'er saw I declare ;  
Such hopping and prancing sure never was  
known,

They turn'd about like coach-wheels ;  
Like

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Like mettlesome horses on pavements who clack  
They danc'd to the tune of their heels.

*John's Reproof.*

A House-maid once took great delight  
Oft at the looking glass, Sir,  
Nor in nor out the room—but she  
—Must squint—or could not pass, Sir.

This flattering glass was chiefly set  
Upon the chamber window;  
Her face to tempt the men she thought  
A charming innuendo.

One day as she surveying stood,  
Her callico sweet skin, Sir,  
Pleas'd to the life—while thus she gaz'd,  
The man trip'd slyly in, Sir.

A rough hewn chap, of manners void,  
Possess'd of some low wit, Sir,  
Ow'd Kate a grudge—and he thought  
Of vanity he'd twit her.

First stood a while—then silence broke,  
And strait began to teize her;  
Then bluntly cry'd—Consider, Kate,  
You're nothing but mop-squeezer.

*True Happiness.*

A Good estate on healthy foil,  
 Not got by vice, nor yet by toil :  
 A good warm fire and buckish jokes,  
 A chimney clean that never smokes ;  
 A strength entire, a sparkling bowl,  
 A quiet wife, a quiet soul,  
 A mind as well as body whole.  
 Prudent simplicity, constant friends,  
 A diet which no art commends,  
 A merry night without much drinking,  
 A happy thought without much thinking ;  
 Each night by quiet sleep made short,  
 A will to be but what thou art ;  
 Possess'd of these, all else defy,  
 And neither wish nor fear to die.

Says Dolly—" Me, Thomas, you promis'd  
 to wed,  
 And I, silly girl, believ'd all that you said."  
 " That I promis'd to wed you, and love you,  
 'tis true,  
 But I've try'd you, my Doll, and I find you  
 won't do."

*Inscribed on a Column erected on a Piece of Land  
 that had been often bought and sold.*

I Whom thou seest begirt with tow'ring oaks,  
 Was once the property of John o'Nokes ;  
 On

On him prosperity no longer smiles,—  
 And now I feed the flocks of John o'Stiles.  
 My former master called me by his name;  
 My present owner fondly does the same;  
 While I, alike unworthy of their cares,  
 Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs:  
 Let no one henceforth take me for his own,  
 For Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

*Poor Dick. A tale.*

**A**S Richard walk'd with Peggy, hand in  
 hand,  
 Reason could scarce their fierce desires com-  
 mand,

His wishing eyes did his fond longings tell,  
 Her breasts with equal longings rose and fell.  
 Peggy was bashful, Richard was too slow,  
 Both long'd to tell their wish, yet knew not  
 how.

In trembling accent Richard thus begun,  
 Peggy, your beauty has my peace undone;  
 Where'er I go you still are in my mind,  
 No other thought can there admittance find;  
 Or thrashing here, or praying in the pew,  
 Your image does my scattered thoughts pursue.  
 He said; and blushing turn'd his face away,  
 To hear what Peggy in return would say;  
 Who was o'erjoy'd to hear the swain so kind,  
 And was resolv'd she would not lag behind.

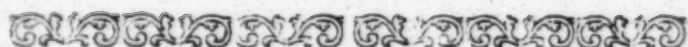
Richard,

Richard, said she,  
 I've often thought your hands were softer much  
 Than any swain's that I did ever touch :  
 Your pleasant eyes with greater lustre shine,  
 And cherry cheeks, and whitest teeth are thine;  
 Your shining hair in gayer wringlets flows,  
 And every feature still superior shews.  
 O'erjoy'd, the shepherd kiss'd the lovely maid,  
 Which she with wanton eagerness repaid.  
 A kiss, good god ! which might the coldest  
 fire,

And raise in wintry age a young desire :  
 But he, who never knew the like before,  
 Broke into vile abuse, and call'd her whore ;  
 To hawking fell, and wiping of his mouth,  
 And often swore, the kiss was quite uncouth,  
 Peggy, finding her kindness thus abus'd,  
 Of weak stupidity the swain accus'd ;  
 Shew'd him his folly and her kind intent,  
 And blushing told him what that softness  
 meant ;

Richard with tears his folly did repent,  
 And try'd each art the damsel to content, }  
 But all in vain, Peggy would ne'er relent ; }  
 Enrag'd, she swore she would revenge the trick,  
 So sent him packing with an—Ah poor Dick !





EPI T A P H S.

*On little STEPHEN, a noted fiddler in the county of Suffolk.*

**S**TEPHEN and time  
Are now both even;  
Stephen beat time,  
Now time beats Stephen.

*On a very indolent man.*

**H**ERE lies John Meyers—reader, stay,  
And, if thou can'st, pray weep,  
Who doz'd an idle life away,  
And then fell fast asleep.

*On John.*

**H**ERE lies John, who in few words  
Kill'd himself by eating of curds.  
Had he been rul'd by Mary his wife,  
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.

*On his wife.*

**H**ERE lies my poor wife without bed or  
blanket,  
But dead as a door-nail, G—d be thanked.

*In*

*In Nottingham church-yard.*

**H**ERE lies the body of John Day,  
What, young John? No. Old John?  
Aye.

*Epitaph on Virgil.*

By E U S T H E N I U S.

**H**ERE Virgil, whose sweet verses deck the  
lawn  
In verdent beauty, spread the waving corn  
O'er cultur'd fields, the Phrygian hero dress'd  
In martial splendor, finds a last recess.

*In Nottingham church yard.*

**T**OM Brown lies bury'd here,  
Aged four and twenty year,  
And near this place his father lies,  
Also his mother when she dies.

*On CHLOE.*

**H**ERE Chloe lies,  
Whose once bright eyes

Set

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Set all the world on fire ;  
And not to be  
Ungrateful, she  
Did all the world admire.

*On a man and his wife.*

**H**ERE lies honest Strephon with Mary his  
wife,  
Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully dy'd ;  
They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while  
they were able,  
But now they are forc'd to knock under the  
table.

*In Topliff church yard in Yorkshire.*

**I** John Bell of Crakehill lys under this stein,  
Four of my sons laid it on my weam.  
I was a man of my meat, and master of my  
wife,  
And liv'd in my own house without mickle  
strife,  
If thou ce'lt a better man in thy time than I  
was in mine,  
Take this stein off my weam, and ly'en on top  
of thine.

*Qn*

*On John Pettigrew, minister at Givan, near  
Glasgow, Scotland.*

**H**ERE lies a rev'rend Givan-priest,  
Who fore against his will deceas'd ;  
His soul's to Abraham's bosom fled :  
As by his reverend elders said :  
Others, who knew his youthful toys,  
Say Sarah's rather was his choice :  
But be't as 'twill, his scabbard's humbled,  
Death tripp'd up his heels, and down he  
tumbled.

*At Brampton Bryan.*

**H**ERE lies the body of *All Fours*,  
Who lost his money and pawn'd his  
cloaths ;  
If any one should ask his name,  
'Tis highest, lowest, Jack and game.

*At Dornock in Scotland.*

**H**ERE lies the laird of Dornock, interr'd  
by side of which ;  
And he was a great oppressor of both poor and  
rich !  
How he fains or how he fairs,  
There's nobody kens, and as few cares.

*At*

*At Greatney in Scotland.*

Near this place lies Bessy Anderson.

**T**HE place where she does lie,  
There's none alive can tell;  
Until the day of judgment,  
That Bessy rise herself.

*On Miss Pigg.*

**R**Eader, behold where lies interr'd  
One of the fairest of the herd,  
A sucking Pigg——her fate bemoan!  
Her bristles scarce an inch were grown.  
Alas! ye swains, her loss deplore,  
The pretty sucking thing's no more.

*On the grave-stone of a Blacksmith, buried in  
Chester church-yard.*

**M**Y sledge and hammer lie reclin'd;  
My bellows too have lost their wind;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
And in the dust my vice is laid;  
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,  
My nails are drove, my work is done;  
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest;  
My soul, smoke-like is soaring to be blest'd.

*On*



*On an unknown person.*

**W**ithout a name, for ever senseless, dumb,  
 Dust, ashes, nought else lies within  
 this tomb,  
 Where-e'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
 I was, but am not, ask no more of me ;  
 'Tis all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

*On Fanny.*

**H**ERE Fanny lies interr'd : ah ! why,  
 Ye gods, was Fanny born to die ?  
 A female Fanny was, 'tis true,  
 But yet no female arts she knew ;  
 No visits she receiv'd, or paid,  
 Nor ever stroll'd to masquerade ;  
 Court, opera, park, and play and ball——  
 The prudent Fanny scorn'd them all.

ALL those who knew her, must confess,  
 She never took a pride in dress ;  
 For one brown garment, coarse and plain,  
 (A fence against the cold and rain)  
 Was all the cloaths poor Fanny wore,  
 Who never wish'd, or thought of more.

VOID of all anxious care and strife,  
 She pass'd at ease a country life :

A virgin to her dying day ;  
 Was ever chearful, ever gay ;  
 And such an even temper kept,  
 She never laugh'd, nor ever wept ;  
 So little given to offend,  
 She got no foe, nor lost no friend ;  
 Nay, though a female (matter rare !)  
 Was prais'd and honour'd by the fair.  
 Then, reader, if thou hast a tear,  
 I pr'ythee stay, and drop it here :  
 But lest thy eyes too fast should flow,  
 Methinks 'tis fair to let thee know,  
 Though Fanny true, is dead and gone,  
 Poor Fanny was a harmless fawn.

*On a gentleman supposed to have fallen a victim  
 at the shrine of Venus.*

**A** Lesson learn from this instructive tomb,  
 Who, through his wife, has reach'd his  
 mother's womb !

*On a grave-stone in a country church-yard in  
 Northampton.*

**T**IME was I stood where thou dost now,  
 And view'd the dead as thou dost me ;  
 Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,  
 And others stand and look on thee.

*On*

On ———.

**H**ERE lies that doubly-broken soul of  
whim,  
Who spent his fortune—and his fortune him.

*On Nell Hogsbear, a drunken wife, who died  
(after a hearty swill) suddenly in her sleep.*

**H**OW hard my fate! for as I took a nap,  
After a gallon of a noble tap,  
Death came, a bravo, in my husband's quarrel,  
Cork'd up my breath, and sav'd his groaning  
barrel.

*On John Garret.*

**B**eneath this stone lies Johnny Garret,  
Who kill'd himself—by drinking claret.

*The following epitaph is translated verbatim  
from a tomb stone in the isle of a church in  
Burgundy.*

**H**ERE lies John Veroles, a farmer and  
labourer in this parish; he never asked  
a favour of any man; he never was in a city;  
he loved his king, but never saw him. He  
never

never knew what it was to fear himself, nor make others afraid; he never was acquainted with want, pain, or prison during a life of 94 years: he never saw in his house accident, dispute, or disease.

*On a tomb-stone in Essex.*

**H**ERE lies the man Richard,  
And Mary his wife;  
Their surname was Pritchard;  
They liv'd without strife:  
And the reason was plain;—  
They abounded in riches;  
They nor care had, nor pain,  
And the wife wore the *Brecches*.

*On JOHN TISSEY, a late Punster.*

**M**ERRY was he, for whom we now are  
sad,  
His jokes were many, and but few were bad,  
The gay, the jocund, sprightly active soul,  
No more shall pun, alas! no more shall bowl.  
Now at his tomb methinks I hear him say  
I never lik'd to be in a *grave* way;  
Then by and by he cries, for all your scoffing,  
I now am only in a fit of *coffin*;

Thy

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Thy passing bell with heavy hearts we hear,  
 For thee each *passing bell* shall drop a tear ;  
 That sable hearse which drew thy corpse along  
 Shall be *re-hears'd* in dismal poer's song ;  
 Ah how unlike ! yet this is he we're sure  
 Who once in Grafton's coach sat so demure.  
 Many a ball he gracefully began,  
 Well my we *bawl* to lose so great a man,  
 Thy friendly club their mighty loss deplore,  
 Their faithful secretary, now no more,  
 Thou ne'er shalt *secret* tarry tho' in death  
 While puns are puns, or punning men have  
 breath.

*His* E P I T A P H.

**B**ENEATH this gravel and those stones,  
 Lie poor Jack Tiffey's skin and bones ;  
 His flesh, I oft have heard him say,  
 He hop'd, in time, would make good hay ;  
 Quoth I, how can that come to pass ?  
 And he reply'd, " all flesh is grass."



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*On the Death of Mrs BOWES.*

*By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.*

**H**AIL, happy bride! for thou art truly  
blest'sd;

Three months of rapture crown'd with endless  
rest;

Merit like yours was heaven's peculiar care,  
You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere:  
To you the sweets of love were only shewn,  
The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown.  
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,  
The tender lover for th' imperious lord;  
Nor felt the pains that jealous fondness brings,  
Nor wept that coldness from possession springs;  
Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate,  
You trusted yet experienc'd no deceit.  
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure  
flew,

No vain repentance gave a sigh to you;  
And if superior bliss heaven can bestow,  
With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

EPI T A P H.

*Translated from the high Dutch by Dr. M.*

**W**Hile Adam slept, from him fair Eve  
arose,

Strange! his first sleep should be his last repose.

H

EPI-

## E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE lies that doubly-broken soul of whim,  
 Who *spent* his fortune—and his fortune  
 him.

*On a young man, who had a mortification in his  
 leg, which was amputated; the disorder af-  
 terwards attacked his thigh, which was also  
 taken off; and then it seized his body, and  
 killed him.*

**A**H, cruel death! to make three meals of  
 one,  
 To taste, and eat, and eat till all was gone.  
 But know, thou tyrant, when the trump shall  
 call,  
 He'll find his feet, and stand, and thou shalt  
 fall.

*On a young lady, who died a short time before  
 her nuptials.*

**D**Eath, thou cruel king of tyrants, oh how  
 hard  
 Cuts thy keen sword, nor youth or beauty  
 spared!  
 Beneath thy stroke let with' red autumn drop,  
 'Tis too severe, the blooming spring to crop,  
 To

To crop this virgin rose.  
 Yet rest, sweet fair one, in this narrow room,  
 Thy fun'ral rites are larger than thy tomb.  
 Yes, lovely clay, there wants no mourners here,  
 Whilst pity hath an eye, or love a tear.  
 Our rival Heav'n hath snatch'd those charms a-  
     way,  
 For noble 'spousals in immortal clay.

*On a tomb-stone in Banbury church yard.*

**H**E that from sin is free here cast a stone;  
 When of his faults you've thought, think  
     of your own :  
 His sins all ceas'd when he resign'd his breath ;  
 And if you knew them sure, then think on  
     death.

*On John Sprong, Carpenter to L. Chancellor  
 King, at Oakham in Surry, supposed to have  
 been written by one Hollis of the same place,  
 Brick-layer to his Lordship.*

**F**ELL'D by death's surer hatchet, here lies  
     Sprong,  
 Who many a sturdy Oak had laid along :  
 Posts oft he made, tho' ne'er a place could get,  
 And liv'd by railing, tho' he was no wit.

Old saws he had, tho' no antiquarian,  
 And stiles corrected, yet was no grammarian.  
 Long liv'd he Oakham's premier architect,  
 And lasting as his fame, a tomb t'erec't.  
 In vain we seek an artist such as he,  
 Where posts and gates were for eternity:  
 So here he rests, free'd from life's cares and  
 follies,  
 O spare, kind heaven! his fellow-lab'rer  
 Hollis.

*An Epitaph in Kelfo Church-yard.*

**W**ORLD, thy smiles I court not, nor  
 thy frowns do fear,  
 My days are past, my head lies quiet here.  
 What faults you've seen in me take care to  
 shun,  
 Look well at home, enough there's to be done.

*An Epitaph on the monument of the late worthy  
 and Reverend Mr. Boughton of Egham, who  
 was Vicar of that place 45 years. By D.  
 Garrick, Esq;*

**N**EAR half an age, with every good man's  
 praise,  
 Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;  
 The friend, the comfort, of the sick and poor;  
 Want never knocked unheeded at his door.

Oft

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Oft when his duty call'd, difeafe and pain  
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.  
All moan his death, his virtue long they try'd;  
They knew not how they loved him, till he  
died.

Peculiar bleffings did his life attend,  
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

*Epitaph in Southampton Church-yard.*

**H**ERE lies poor Joan,  
Who not willing to lie alone,  
Saved a little money  
To buy a grave stone.

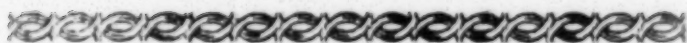
*Epitaph on Mrs. Death, Comedian, late of the  
Norwich company.*

**H**ERE lies Death's wife;  
When this way next you tread,  
Be not surpris'd should DEATH himself be  
dead.

*To the memory of Lord Ligonier.*

**H**ERE lies a foldier and an honeft man,  
Who long prolong'd his life on David's  
plan;  
But fate and death, who all our fchemes defeat,  
Chill'd the poor corpf, in fpite of virgin heat.





A Curious COLLECTION of entire New  
CONUNDRUMS.

- W**HY is an ill natur'd man like vinegar?  
Because he's four.
- why is a book like a glass?  
because it is often looked into.
- why is a grocer's counter like a fish?  
because it has scales upon it.
- why is a good scholar like a post-master?  
because he is a man of letters.
- why is the world like a Cheshire cheese?  
because it is round.
- why is sorrow like an onion?  
because it makes us cry.
- what is a thief like?  
like to be hanged.
- why is a good ship like a fine lady?  
because she is well rigged.
- why is going into the country like learning to dance?  
because it gives one a good air.
- what is that which God never made, and commanded not to be made, and yet was made, and has a soul to be saved?  
A cuckold.

why

why is an ordinary face of a woman like the  
quarters of a ship stoutly fitted ?

because the upper parts defend the hatches.

why is my lord-mayor like an almanack ?

because he serves but one year.

why is Ireland like a bottle of wine ?

because there is Cork in it.

why is a first floor like a lie ?

because it is a story raised.

why is a pretty lady like an oat-cake ?

because she is often toasted.

why are a parcel of rakes like a pack of bad  
hounds ?

because they are sad dogs.

why is claret like an oath ?

because it is binding.

why is a book like a tree ?

because it is full of leaves.

why is the book called the whole duty of man  
like a pair of breeches ?

because it contains the duty of an husband  
to his wife.

why is a cobbler like a parson ?

because he mends the soal.

why is it impossible to ravish some women ?

because they are willing.

why are free-masons like an old maid ?

because their joke is stale.

why is a woman with child like a gentleman ?

because she shews her breeding.

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why is a little man like a good book ?

because he is often looked over.

why is a fish-hook like a bull ?

because it is sometimes baite d.

why is a malefactor like the root of a tongue ?

because he is down in the mouth.

why is a lock like an hospital ?

because it is full of wards.

why is marriage like a curtain ?

because it serves for a blind.

why is a tavern like a table ?

because it has drawers in it.

why is a looking-glass like a philosopher ?

because it reflects.

why is a brewer's horse like a tapster ?

because he draws drink.

why is New-market like the admiral of a squadron ?

because it is in the fleet.

why is a good picture like a quart of liquor ?

because it is a good draught.

why is an unbound book like a lady in bed ?

because it is in sheets.

why is a poor man like a sempstress ?

because he makes shifts.

why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot ?

because it is out of the head.

why is Richmond like the letter R ?

because it is a little beyond Kew.

why are turned coats like sailors ?

because

because usually press'd.

why is an old ship like a vagabond ?

because it ought to be put in the stocks.

why is a man on horseback like a fan ?

because he is mounted.

why is a goaler like a musician ?

because he fingers the keys.

what old saying is that which women will not believe ?

short and sweet.

what kind of book may a man with his wife were like ?

an almanack; for then he might get a new one every year.

what was the first game that ever was played at ?

Child-getting.

what makes most women alike ?

The dark.

why is a sash-window like a woman in labour ?

because she is full of pains.

why is a beau like a buttock of beef ?

because he is powdered.

why is a wainscotted room like a reprieve ?

because it saves hanging.

why is a button hole like a cloudy day ?

because it is overcast.

why does a miller wear a white hat ?

To cover his head.

why is an axe like a dish of coffee ?

H 5

because

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because it should be grounded before it is  
used.

why is a quarrelsome man like brawn ?

because he is often collared.

why is a nobleman like a book ?

because he has a title.

why is a good cook like a woman in fashion ?

because she dresses well.

why is the moon like a weather-cock ?

because it often changes.

why is a good coach horse like a good painter ?

because he draws well.

what is the best trade for a man to learn ?

To learn to die well.

why is a grave-digger like a waterman ?

because he handles the skulls.

why is a taylor like a lawyer ?

because he deals in suits.

why is smoke of tobacco like wine ?

because it comes out of a pipe.

why is a fine woman like a diamond ring ?

because she is surrounded with sparks.

what is that which will be to-morrow and was  
yesterday ?

To-day.

what is that which God never sees, kings seldom  
see, but I often see ?

An equal.

why are thieves impertinent ?

because they meddle with that which does  
not concern them.

why

why are the stocks like a paper kite?

because they are raised, lowered, or kept up  
by wind.

why do we buy new shoes?

because no body will give them us.

where was Adam going when he was in his  
39th year?

Into his fortieth year.

who was it that was begot before his father,  
born before his mother, and had the  
maidenhead of his grandmother?

Abel.

why is Christ-church, Oxford, like the wall of  
a fortified town?

because it has canons.

why are sheep in a fold like a good history?

because they were penn'd.

why is the city of Bath like a watch?

because it depends upon the spring.





ADAGES and PROVERBS were in former ages adapted to the affairs of life, and counted as sauce to relish meat, but not to make a meal, or they should have something remarkable in the expression so as to be easily remembered, and used occasionally : The use of them is as old as the time of King David ; and as verse is easier got by heart than prose, and stick faster in the memory, I have chosen to give them in short rhyme, viz.

- 1 **I**F a man knew what wou'd be dear,  
He need be a merchant only one year.
- 2 Enough's as good as a feast,  
To one that's not a beast.
- 3 If things were to be done twice,  
All wou'd be wise.
- 4 He that wou'd thrive,  
Must rise by five ;  
He that hath thriven,  
May lie till seven.
- 5 Help, hands ;  
For I have no lands.
- 6 Who buys,  
Had need of an hundred eyes ;  
But one's enough  
For him that sells the stuff.

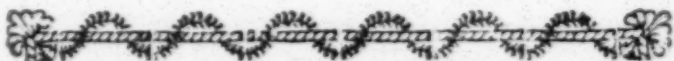
7 Wishers,

- 7 Wisfers, and woulders,  
Are never good householders.
- 8 You may as soon  
Make a cloak for the moon.
- 9 No vice like avarice,  
Like avarice.
- 10 The postern door  
Makes thief and whore.
- 11 He giveth twice,  
That giveth in a trice.
- 12 He that once a good name gets,  
May piss a-bed, and say he sweats.
- 13 The head and feet keep warm,  
The rest will take no harm.
- 14 He that loves glafs without G,  
Take away L, and that is he.
- 15 Wedlock  
Is a padlock.
- 16 A nice wife, and a back door,  
Do often make a rich man poor.
- 17 Beggars breed;  
And rich men feed.
- 18 One wit bought,  
Is worth two for nought.
- 19 I stout, and thou stout;  
Who shall carry the dirt out?
- 20 Great boast,  
Small roast.
- 21 He that will cheat at play,  
Will cheat you any way.

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- 22 He that speaks the thing he shou'd not,  
Shall hear the thing he wou'd not.
- 23 What greater crime,  
Than los of time ?
- 24 Do not trust or contend,  
Nor lay wagers, nor lend,  
And you'll have peace to your life's end.
- 25 Pay what you owe ;  
And what you're worth you'll know.
- 26 Leave a jest,  
When it pleases you best.
- 27 Who will not lay up a penny.  
Shall never have many.
- 28 He that wou'd please all, and himself too,  
Undertakes what none cou'd do.
- 29 He that by the plow wou'd thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.
- 30 There's nothing agrees worse,  
Than a prince's heart, and a beggar's purse.
- 31 An ape's an ape : a varlet's a varlet,  
Though they be clad in silk or scarlet.
- 32 In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,  
In time of adversity not one in twenty.
- 33 Who more than he is worth doth spend,  
He makes a rope his life to end.
- 34 A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree,  
The more they're beaten, the better they be.
- 35 When I did well I heard it never ;  
When I did ill I heard it ever.

- 36 It wou'd make a man scratch where it  
doth not itch,  
To see a man live poor, to die rich.
- 37 He that winketh with one eye, and seeth  
with t'other,  
I wou'd not trust him, though he were my  
brother.
- 38 Tell me with whom thou goest,  
And I'll tell thee what thou doest.
- 39 A shower in July, when the corn begins  
to fill,  
Is worth a plow of oxen, and all belongs  
theretill.



T H E

SPIRIT of CONTRADICTION.

**T**HE very silliest things in life  
Create the most material strife,  
What scarce can suffer a debate,  
Will oft produce the bitt'rest hate:  
It is you say—I say 'tis not.  
—Why you grow warm—and I am hot.  
Thus each alike with passion glows,  
And words come first and after blows.

FRIEND

FRIEND Jerkin had an income clear,  
 Some fifteen pounds, or more a year,  
 And rented, on the farming plan,  
 Grounds at must greater sums per ann.  
 A man of consequence, no doubt,  
 'Mongst all his neighbours round about ;  
 He was of a frank and open mind,  
 Too honest to be much refin'd,  
 Would smoke his pipe and tell his tale,  
 Sing a good song and drink his ale.

HIS wife was of another mould ;  
 Her age was neither young nor old ;  
 Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;  
 Her air not bad, but rather vain ;  
 Her temper neither new nor strange,  
 A woman's, very apt to change ;  
 What she most hated was conviction,  
 What she most lov'd flat contradiction.

A CHARMING housewife ne'ertheless :  
 —— Tell me a thing she could not dress,  
 Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,  
 Nought came amiss —— she was so wise.  
 For she, bred twenty miles from town,  
 Had brought a world of breeding down,  
 And Cumberland had seldom seen  
 A farmer's wife with such a mein ;  
 She could not bear the sound of dame ;  
 —— No —— Mistress Jerkin was her name.

SHE could harangue with wondrous grace  
 On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace ;

But

But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,  
 She had a vast contempt for spouse,  
 As being one who took no pride,  
 And was a deal too countrify'd :  
 Such were our couple man and wife ;  
 Such were their means and ways of life.

ONCE on a time, the season fair,  
 For exercise and chearful air,  
 It happen'd in his morning's roam  
 He kill'd his birds and brought them home,  
 —Here, Cicely, take away my gun——  
 How shall we have these starlings done ?  
 —Done ! what, my love ? Your wits are wild ;  
 Starlings ! my dear ; they're thrushes, child.  
 Nay now but look, consider, wife,  
 They're starlings——No——upon my life :  
 Sure I can judge as well as you,  
 I know a thrush and starling too.  
 Who was it shot them, you or I ?  
 They're starlings——thrushes——zounds you lie.  
 Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,  
 I scorn your language as your bird ;  
 It ought to make a husband blush,  
 To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.  
 Thrush, Cicely !——Yes——a starling——No,  
 The lie again, and then a blow.  
 Blows carry strong and quick conviction,  
 And mar the power of contradiction.

PEACE soon ensued, and all was well,  
 It were imprudence to rebel,

Or



Or keep the ball up of debate  
Against these arguments of weight.

A YEAR roll'd on in perfect ease,  
'Twas as you like, and what you please,  
Till in its course and order due,  
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.  
Quoth Cicely, ah, this charming life !  
No tumults now, no blow, no strife.  
What fools we were this day last year !  
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear !  
———Sure it was idle and absurd  
To wrangle so about a bird ;  
A bird not worth a single rush———  
A starling——no, my love, a thrush.  
That I'll maintain——that I'll deny.  
—You're wrong, good husband—wife, you lie.

AGAIN the self same wrangle rose,  
Again the lie, again the blows.  
Thus ev'ry year (true man and wife,)  
Ensues the same domestic strife.  
Thus ev'ry year their quarrel ends,  
They argue, fight and buss, and friends ;  
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling ;  
You dog, you b——; my dear, my darling.



T H E

FAIR SEX CHARACTERIZED.

**T**HE chief in pride, Cardilla first appears ;  
A slave to play, tho' wrinkled o'er with  
years ;

Dupe to a reigning passion for quadrille,  
Her heart exults at sight of dear spadille ;  
Those eyes which scarce within their orbits  
roll,

Beam a faint ray when fortune gives a vole ;  
Eager and restless she the game pursues,  
And each successive day the task renews :

Let old Cardilla, ere too late attend  
The short, but needful counsel of a friend——  
Pack up your cards——the shuffling pastime  
leave——

A few lifts more convey you to the grave.

QUITE different scenes Matrona's thoughts  
engage,

Scenes that adorn, support and gladden age ;  
In wisdom's paths with calm delight she treads,  
And o'er distress the tear of pity sheds ;

Nor

Nor only sheds a tear—her hand supplies  
The orphan's wants, and wipes the widow's  
eyes :

Unfeigned virtue all her actions guides,  
Glows in her heart, and o'er her steps pre-  
sides ;

Meek and resign'd, with fortitude she bears  
The pains of nature and the load of years,  
Looks back with pleasure on each well-spent  
day,

And forward to the tomb without dismay.

PRATELLA's favourite weapon is, her  
tongue,

Oil'd like a hone, and like a ballance hung ;  
Once put in motion quick vibrations keeps,  
And scarcely is at rest ev'n when she sleeps—  
Did wit or wisdom her harangues inspire,  
We then could hear with patience, and ad-  
mire ;

But what her pert loquacious tongue employs,  
Is folly, fashion, scandal, trash and noise ;  
Envy and spleen reign jointly in her breast,  
Of all the softer passions dispossess ;  
Envy depreciates every generous deed,  
And makes ev'n virtue, like a victim bleed,  
While spleen beholds, with telescopic eyes,  
The smallest faults, and swells them into vice,  
In heighten'd colours every foible draws,  
And holds from modest worth its just ap-  
plause——

Go,

Go, look at home in calm reflexion's glass,  
And on yourself an honest censure pass!  
A sov'reign cure, Pratella, there you'll find,  
To heal a venom'd tongue, and ranc'rous mind.

Not such Modesta; when she deigns to  
    speak,  
Truth guides her tongue, and beauty warms  
    her cheek:

The native music to her voice imparts  
Grace to her words, and pleasure to our  
    hearts;

The wisest maxims of the hoary sage  
(With care collected from the Stoic page)  
Enrich her mind, and give her language weight  
In friendly converse, or in learn'd debate;  
Her speech no love of scandal e'er betrays,  
Modesta's silent, when she cannot praise;  
When Wit and Mirth their lively charms dis-  
    play,

Her genius sparkles, and her soul is gay;  
No prudish frown upon her face appear,  
And in her conduct no coquetish air:  
Courteous to all, unconscious of offence,  
She shines the first in virtue, truth and sense.

Young, brisk and bold, Vanetta flaunts  
    away,

And would be thought the gayest of the gay;  
Yet summer flies receive more gaudy hues  
From Sol's warm radiance, and Aurora's dews.

Full

Full she displays in ev'ry public place,  
 Her pride of heart, and impudence of face !  
 She mimicks Wit, while Folly mimicks her,  
 And hard to say which mimick to prefer ;  
 Like Milton's Death, she grins a ghastly smile,  
 Much too forbidding ever to beguile,  
 And yet Vanetta deems her self-lov'd charms  
 Of power to draw the wealthiest to her arms.  
 Grant that success her fondest wishes crowns !  
 Not Hymen's raptures will unbend her frowns.  
 To church she goes, with most affected zeal.  
 Not to confess her faults, but to conceal ;  
 Thoughtless of heav'n, she hurries thro' her  
                   pray'rs,

Eyes her dear self, and then around her stares :  
 But if, perchance, on pride the parson treats,  
 She drops her bible, flirts her fan, and frets.  
 So the gall'd jade is seen to wince and start,  
 If you but gently touch the tender part.

UNLIKE Vanetta is that charming maid,  
 Whose beauty needs no fashionable aid,  
 Amanda nam'd—to low, but honest birth,  
 Her modest mein and solid sense gives worth ;  
 She leaves to those, whom fickle fancy bred,  
 The rainbow ribbon, and the high rais'd  
                   head :

In this lov'd nymph are beautifully combin'd  
 The decent dress and well instructed mind :  
 The church she visits, but without parade,  
 And there her vows religiously are paid ;

She

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She fears no censure when the priest declaims,  
 Whose life is virtuous, and sincere her aims :  
 Amanda's feet in pious paths have trod,  
 Which lead to honour, safety, peace and God.  
 Vanetta, view this lovely picture well,  
 And strive, in all that's good, Amanda to excel!

## A REMEDY for LOVE.

**W**ithin th' afflicted body pour  
 A pint of burgandy an hour;  
 And if that don't remove the pain,  
 Each hour add—just as much again.

## A N S W E R.

Who takes your counsel must be cured of ro-  
 ving,—  
 For soon 'twill rob him of the pow'r of loving !

*To a young Lady upon her being displeased.*

**S**hould you, fair Fretful, turn towards the  
 glass,  
 That ugly frown would fix upon your face.

*On a very amiable young Lady with an immense  
 fortune.*

When Cloris dies, mankind may weeping say,  
 She leaves the world—not half she takes away !

To



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*To a Lady who declar'd that Love was a selfish  
Passion.*

**T**Hat love's a selfish passion can't be true,  
Since I would *freely give MYSELF to*  
YOU!

T H E E N D.



